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 Robert & Joseph  
 All Cities  
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 Margaret & Harvey  
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 Pamela & Walter  
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 Albert & Helen  
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## Backstage with Esquire

## The Year-End Issue

**T**hat issue of *Esquire* contains more editorial pages than usual. It may take you twice as long to read. We planned it that way because the next issue of *Esquire* will take twice as long to reach you, which means we're going to skip an issue. The cover date of the next *Esquire* will be January 30, 1979, and it will be out January 15.

The practice of bringing out a year-end issue and omitting one during the Christmas season is a tradition that dates back to the 1920s. It was a way of making the magazine more of a "special" issue, and it was a way of making the magazine more of a "gift" issue. But in the 1970s, the practice of bringing out a year-end issue and omitting one during the Christmas season has become a tradition that dates back to the 1920s. It was a way of making the magazine more of a "special" issue, and it was a way of making the magazine more of a "gift" issue.

was hidden in a new independent energy and forthrightly magazine. This means it that advertisers, having sorted themselves into a frenzy of creative flights throughout November and early December, can bank in cheese on the retail holidays, presumably from abundant E-commerce. Then, it makes sense to offer a big pre-Christmas issue and come on the dry first. Furthermore, the seasonal contrast, people don't have time to read on the holidays, what with all the partying and last-minute shopping. Maybe, but we don't really believe it. For one thing, there is a lot of stuff around in airports and in planes during the season, and something good to read can be just the ticket.

In that case, this means of Equat is the perfect thing to pack because the cover pages have a doorway in it, publish, complete not in one installment, a long piece of fiction that is almost certain to keep you reading to the end. The narrative begins with a story of a man who goes on for thirty-one pages, so absorbing that it will make you forget all the bits of midwinter. Its author, Am. Humano—poet, novelist, and editor—lives in southern Brazil, where he can keep his family's overhead down while pursuing the story. The book is a masterpiece of style. It is in Spanish in this effort, he says, by the feeling that "Latin from where you were nearest and run off to Greenwich Village and wanted to be Rembrandt, Faulkner, Kloss, Hart Crane, Dostoevsky, Apollinaire, all at the same time." The dream of art, pure and simple. And not the real reason for looking for being so steadily "read."

On another matter: Right after our December 19 issue appeared with model Patti Hansen on the cover, she was cast in a role in the new Robert Altman movie, *Arch* Feb.

Enjoy the holidays. We'll be back in service on the day. 44

## Letters

## The Sound and the Fury

### Don't Mess with Box Cakes

In reference to your article, "Don't Miss with Roy Cohn" [December 1993], the publication of the following comparatively brief letter might induce me to refrain from suing you for \$100 million in damages for libel, slander, and conspiracy or from persuading Rupert Murdoch to buy the bank that holds the mortgage on your new office tower.

1. My eyes are not always bloodshot.  
The blue creeps through on bright summer  
mornings between 9:00 and 10:00 A.M.

2. I did not represent George Steinbrenner  
as a suit against Bruce Kohn. To the  
best of my knowledge, there never was any  
such suit. My advice to George concerns  
such things as the starting lineup and  
when Goose Gosage should replace Ron  
Gardner.

5 On the dirty stuff, the mirror accounts  
6 as which you refer was referred not to  
7 but to our claim on the written approval of  
8 the NEC. You say I "replenished" the ac-  
9 count. I never replenished one nickel of it,  
10 and the suggestion I should was with-  
11 drawn with propound and so ordered by  
12 your Judge Palenius. Also, I thought (the  
13 words, on the high-toned business was a

much. Although you did point out I didn't own the boat and never heard of even saw the poor guy in my life, it seems you gave unwarranted emphasis to a minor (but you conceded, as the Justice Department found, was not supported by the facts).

4. You make the impression I enjoy beating judges and having them beat back at me. That is not so at all. You cite only four instances in thirty years of law practice during which I must have appeared before a thousand judges with mutual respect.

3. Although you do quote the famous trial lawyer Ross L. Kohn's unadversely generous statement that I'm the best around, you follow it with some understated feed-back that my cross-examinations are not always adequate. I make no pretense of professional perfection—but neither was my opinion qualified, probably after your article was in type, was that of the respected liberal columnist Murray Kempton, who wrote in the *New York Post* (October 12, 1972):

after watching me in court ("Roy Cohn Magazine"). He said "It came Roy Cohn's turn to cross-examine... Very deftly and very carefully Roy Cohn drew out [our] fact and so others, and there he done... just a good job of work. It seemed to that moment all but to have destroyed the government's case." It did and all defendants were acquitted on all counts several weeks ago.

6 You closed Michael Rink, the co-chairman of the Senate League Authority, who has drawn the highest ratings among the press, and I don't think his authority has been tarnished in the least. I have 54 winners back in 1986 (including the 50 winners back in 1985) and the only one in 1986 that I had to sue for the wrong ending my concept of slavery. You mentioned (correctly) that I added a primary fight against him in the Conservative party state primary, which he squeaked through. Since your article was set, I'm glad to report that the public apparently has the same opinion of Rink as I do, as he was so soundly defeated in the November general election.

7 What's this crack that rings a fire on to take your editorial contributor Ken Auletta to a Yankee game was using it for personal purposes? The whole tone of your article is that the more vicious propositions are revealed in the press, the more they lay practice floaters. How can you then try a half hour alone with Auletta, who was therefore able to conclude and write for millions of readers that I was mean and vicious, was not a nearly legitimate expense designed to boost the firm's success?

I Sincerely and sincerely, I do very much appreciate the kind and precious reference to my personal and to Aunt Leahy.

Roy Cobb  
The Legal Executives  
New York, N.Y.

Kan. *Analyst* replies: *Ray* Cohn's sense of humor is better than his memory. His latest challenges two facts: First, he told me he saw Edward Shimbrenner in his dealings with Kuku; second, Judge Palmer told me that the above account he embellished. I'd be pleased to supply Cohn with both the tape recording of our Shimbrenner conversation and the relevant court papers—if he first answers me in detail.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to:  
The Sound and the Fury Express, 444  
Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Pitman Garden Page 20 - Banner, Wide World  
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## THE DINES LETTER

**Special 1/2 Price  
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[illegible]

But not gold stocks soared in 1978 as they when most other stocks plunged. If you owned shares of stocks in 1978, you are glad that it's time to get a second point of view on the gold market. — *The Investor's Guide*

## THE DINES LETTER

P-0: Sec 22: September: Cottages full!  
 (Not complete without you, cannot)  
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# Mexican America

Frito Bandito is dead. Mexico's oil is giving Chicanos new power

On the dry Valma Mariachi moved into Hollywood Park, one of Los Angeles's best neighborhoods, the rapper to chat with a new neighbor. He was quite nice, even offering a complimentary "You speak wonderful English." She should, she's a graduate of Columbia Law School.

Being Mexican for a while is part of her life. Ms. Martinez is one of at least 12 million people of Mexican descent in the United States, legally and illegally—that number is probably much higher, no one knows. She is also, by president of the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund, an important part of a hidden American revolution—or maybe just the rising end of the wars in which the Anglos took California and the Southwest from the Mexicans.

Remember the Alamo? One hundred forty years later, Mexico has the oil, and we need it, we have Chicanos, and they're used to being pushed around. The combination is volatile. It's not millions of angry South Americans were crushed by, say, Oregon and the Christian, and their rich home country. Surely America, was where Florida is. "We all understand," said Ms. Martinez, "that Washington will finally have to listen to us because of Mexico."

First the numbers. The United States government now knows that Mexico has added oil reserves of 30 billion barrels, probable reserves of 157 billion more, and possible reserves of another 100 billion or so—that is potentially more than Saudi Arabia—and could supply all U.S. energy needs for 80 years at current rates of consumption. Mexico also has 85 million people—with 17 percent of the adults living on less than \$15 a year—and a population growth rate even higher than India's. Pro-

*Richard Reeves is the national editor of Esquire magazine.*



jections indicate Mexico could be a larger nation than the U.S. in 45 years. The country's unemployment is so high—over 30 percent in some places—illegal immigrants, to work across the 1,000-mile border with California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, may be essential to Mexico's economy and political stability. And those Mexicans—there may be 6 million or 12 million here illegally now—are absorbed into, usually welcomed into, the community. That community—quite legal—now numbers 7 million, the largest part of an American Latino community, which itself is growing at a rate of 20 percent a year, compared with white America's rate of 4 percent and black America's rate of 7 percent. Despite their numbers—and the fact that they are sometimes lumped with the 5 million other Americans of Hispanic origin—Chicanos, native and naturalized American citizens, have traditionally been

known as "the invisible minority." Certainly they have been hard to see politically. In Los Angeles, where Chicanos make up 25 percent of the population—and where 45 percent of kindergarten students have Spanish surnames—there is no Mexican American in the city council. With one million registered Chicano voters in California—only 40 percent of the eligible total—there are only four Chicanos in the state legislature. One Democratic politician told me that all Mexicans have to do to win Chicano votes is "say a couple of nice words about Cesar Chavez, support bilingual education, go to the Mexican Independence day parade and the Cinco de Mayo festival, and say 'undocumented workers' instead of 'illegal aliens'."

The "Vingals" are the principal Chicano political issue. After spending time in East Los Angeles, I've witnessed that the real Chicano problem is undocumented workers in total anonymity, with the choice of American citizenship for the Mexicans now in the country, and a lonely open border between the two countries. No one will say that—Chicano activists will verify it of a March 31st Plan for Mexico to eliminate the economic causes of illegal immigration—that many people and things like this, from a young film maker named Leon Torres. "We know where the undocumented workers are—they're sleeping on the couches in our living rooms. Everyone—and I mean doctors in Montebello and the guy washing the dishes in this restaurant—has an uncle from Guadalajara on the couch. They're family and they're just trying to find their family back home."

Every Chicano I talked with felt threatened by real and imagined government drives against illegal aliens, the "wetbacks" explosion that seems to start every time the United States is in an issue a Mexican. Félix Gutiérrez, a college professor whose

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body has been in California since 1912, says someone in motor cars has not realized the power with her and her father-in-law carries percent of his assets in World War II army uniforms—in prove that they are Americans. And Gutierrez, who has a Ph.D. from the department of communications at Southern Cal, couldn't get a newspaper or television station to do this, and something else that every Chicago had in me, as water how their middle-class credentials were. "I am very afraid of the Los Angeles police. I can't drive the way you do because I know how they treat Mexicans."

Newspapers knew—and they are coming—mean instant power for emerging Chicano politicians. Not one major Hispanic group has obtained Career Administrators' proposals to grant amnesty to Mexican immigrants who can prove they were working in the United States before January 1, 1979. That's not good enough; that would mean only a half million new Mexican American citizens. Chicanos want that date pushed up—every day there are tens of thousands of "legal" Mexicans. "Who gets in the citizenship track?" said Art Torres, a thirty-two-year-old state assemblyman from East Los Angeles. Victor Martinez's resignation as publisher, though laudable, doesn't guarantee permanent resident status. Martinez, who was living long-term in the United States. The ones they're really talking about is how many Chicanos will be eligible to vote in California—or Texas—in a few years. Gutierrez, say, to ask Art Torres, governor?

The truth is, it's hard to figure out who's really going undocumented workers. Not the blacks on the west side of Los Angeles, who have been in the country for as little as \$350 a month of payment to sit at \$25 each a week. There is no worst problem in Los Angeles. And a lot of other problems are solved because the undocumented workers are doing work. Americans are not doing it. And the ones they may be paying for themselves—some studies indicate that the Mexicans usually pay income taxes and social security but don't drive collect benefits or welfare because they are afraid of being caught and shipped back over the border.

But as immediate as political issues are, whether official acceptance of that immigration reality, expanded social programs, or a larger slice of the American mainstream, they are only part of what seems to be going on in the minds of the activists, the first-generation of Chicano college graduates (They were only 148 Mexican Americans in the University of California system as recently as 1967) who seem to want most to be recognized. Chicanos want to be paid. They don't want to be called, as the Los Angeles Times used to call them, the little people who have big talents. That's true on both sides of the long border. In Mexico City three months ago, President

## What Brown Power is about: total amnesty for illegal aliens and an open border between Mexico and the states.



Zeit Shift: "They are Americans"

Jose Lopez-Porello complained, "Mexico is neither on the list of United States nor on an act of United States respect."

Oil should get Lopez-Porello respect. His American brother and sister are trying to get them by making their own history, words and images in word books. And history books that glorify English pilgrims stepping on a rock about five years after there was a city at Santa Fe. No more Chicanos and Pina Baudouin. And, if they can help it, less emphasis on the macho, no least that has always defined it. There's a way to be Hispanic and mainstream, as depicted in a tape of films on Chicanos, films with titles like *Gang* and *Barrio* (Lovers when their violence goes national). Chicanos play the short end. The lead in *Gang* is played by an Anglo actor named Burt Reynolds who wears dark, dark lenses and has dyed-blond hair in the film. "Can you imagine Hollywood having the balls to let a white actor in blonde hair and kinky hair play a 'Wang gang leader'?" said Carlos Beltran, who works among the gangs in East Los Angeles.

"We want the right to define ourselves," said Gutierrez, who has satisfied several

studies pretty well demonstrating that reporting of Chicanos affects it, in his words, "Angles seeing Angles about Mexicans." They say it may not get that, judging by the attitude of Ole Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles Times, who went on television this year to say that there's not much reason for his paper to cover minorities. "I don't want to make the mistake, and mean, the management commitment to cover these communities. But then how do we get them to read this Times? It's not their kind of newspaper. It's too big, it's too stuffy. If you will, it's too complicated."

The most successful attempt at self-definition to date is a play called *Zeit Shift*, by Luis Valdez, a former organizer for Cesar Chavez's farmworkers union. It's an evening, one-hour piece of work that will move in New York, as March, after playing to full houses for four months in Hollywood, telling the mostly Chicano audiences about the life of Jose Angeles roots of 1945, when Mexican and Mexican came through it. Being working the railroad, the poor, the poor. And the most poignant moment came during a murder trial when an attorney for the second prosecution tells a jury that his not been before them yet. "They are Americans."

By any definition, they are indeed. Every one of the more than twenty Chicanos I interviewed in a week and at some point to our conversations, "Look, I'm an American"—their folks got here long before most of them. But they did not want to be assimilated Americans—like Angles. They wanted to keep their ways Mexican, particularly their sense of family and their fierce self-defensive pride. Certainly none of us, as we live, do not have assimilated-Chicanos. They are Chicanos, and their heritage, culture, and language are constantly replenished and enriched by the human flow across the border. You have to imagine when the northwestern states will be like if they were where Maryland is.

Somehow Mexico finally reaches Mexico America, the bonds between the two related peoples and their countries are tangled beyond belief—perhaps, more important, beyond history. The machine we need this all to maintain their standard of living. Mexico needs good. The safety valve of immigration to the north conversely holds the country back from the brink of the governmental chaos and bloodshed that follows the loss of Latin America. Many New Americans who have never seen a Chicanos will find themselves coming with their housing and gasoline in a few years. They'll see first-time Mexican living history for the Mexican American first. One of the last men to make the trip to New York, a diaphanous foundation officer asked her, "Tell me, Mrs. Martinez, in the comic view, where do Mexican Americans fit?"

Right here in the good of U.S.A. ■

## Full Disclosure

# Beyond the Concorde

The new first class: Saunas, showers, and double beds at \$5,000 feet

by Dan Dorfman



Luxury liner in the air: A futuristic sketch from Boeing of how to escape the cockpit atmosphere of coach travel

The airline business is booming—than it to the fixed device of jets. But who knows where the bottom is on ticket prices? Imagine—routed just Pan Am flights, New York to Los Angeles, for only \$395. And how about TWA's offer to let both twice and under five in economy class if they're accompanied by a paying adult traveling in the same service? It makes one wonder if Chicago to Istanbul for \$15.99 is a bit far behind.

For some thoughts on where prices are headed, I rang up one of the brightest airline minds around: Ole Nordmark. He's the forty-one-year-old research marketing chief of the commercial aircraft division at Boeing Company, the world's largest commercial jet aircraft producer. Not surprisingly, Nordmark goes along with the consensus that air fares are likely to go even lower in the industry's new, hotly competitive, and deregulated environment. By the same token, though, he crystal ball is looking signs of a revolutionary new plane that may come up on the domestic scene in two to three years—a peak all-first-class flight that could mark the start of mass superluxury air travel in the U.S.

We hear, of course, the Concorde, a four-engine plane at its own right. Or it's the jetliner, the Concorde, and the jetliner model Nordmark lists in mind would end outside the Concorde.

Put yourself, if you will, up in space with showers and spacious dressing rooms, saunas, double berths or beds, a private office with telegraphic help and Xerox machines, a gym, live orchestral or closed-circuit TV, a restaurant, a gourmet chef—and who knows what else? Nordmark regards them all as distinct possibilities. It will sell his concept of a strong upward three in first-class travel.

Dan Dorfman reports on the business and financial world in each issue.



Cooking new dressing room and shower

Nordmark's enthusiasm for the all-first-class airline got to me—so much so that I asked him to create a sketch of what it might look like. And with a Boeing artist rendering an atmosphere (which appears plenty), he did just that. Not all the amenities we discussed are included in this hypothetical model, which was eighty passengers. But there are several unusual features, namely showers, dressing rooms, and large double berths.

Considering the sleeping accommodations, I wondered how the airlines would check to make certain that men and women executives traveling together would not be inconvenienced. I guess, though, they'll work out some system. Apropos then subject, unhappy flight attendants about Aspen Air Lines recently complained about the line's new sleepers versus, reminding that some passengers were using the beds for more than sleeping. It seems that one stewardess on a recent flight covered a call from one of the sleepers and found "a couple in motion in the same bed."

Aside from the aircraft attention of airborne beds, Nordmark offers some solid reasons to suggest that an all-first-class flight is anything but blue sky. First, let's look at the airline figures. After three consecutive years (1975-1977) of declining

first-class travel on the major domestic airlines, luxury flights have rebounded strongly in 1978. Based on average passenger miles, first-class travel was up 8 percent for the first nine months of 1978, and, more significantly, it rivaled about more than 14 percent in the third quarter alone.

The big reason for the recent surge in price out of nearly 10 percent—reducing first-class travel from up to 30 percent above coach (or tourist) level. But there's also the growing market itself. Boeing is getting 750 orders to use a belly 14 to 16 percent, followed by another 7 to 8 percent, followed by 19. Other growth factors mentioned by Nordmark:

■ The increasing lack of comfort in coach travel as more and more discount passengers fill the back of the airplane.

■ The rapidly growing number of working women. It's estimated that about 45 percent of all adult women work outside the home, and this figure is expected to top 50 percent by 1990. In the same period, the number of working women is seen jumping from 55 percent to about 70 percent.

■ The trend toward expensive vacations (a way to spend money that reflects the good life).

■ More leisure time spared by more frequent vacations and earlier retirements.

My immediate question—8 years ago—was the ticket cost. I thought it would be out of sight, but I was wrong. Nordmark says the flights should be able to be made used at current first-class fares (which by the way, are fully divisible for business travel). Using, as an example, the \$160 charge for a regular first-class ticket, one way, between New York and Los Angeles and applying current fuel and labor costs, Nordmark figures a break even point for the flight at between forty-two and fifty passengers. Taking the average a step further, one source estimates that such a flight—operated every day of the year—

should throw off a respectable annual profit of about \$3.4 million.

Nordick views the all-fire-sale fight as primarily applicable to larger high-tech types of fire losses or more. But he also thinks it has merit for certain smaller shops.

## How to Make a Million on Wall Street— Step One: Make Love to Your Wife

Next year should be a winning year for investors, if one of the country's hot test brokers is so adept in calling the stock market as he is in building a solid reputation with a skyrocketing cosmetics business. His happy scenario: The market's next major move will be up, as, better, friends. Der Forbes Forecaster, thirty-three-year-old Michael Lash, a super-aggressive trader out of the Philadelphia office of brokerage house Drexel Burnham Lambert, tells us you'll need a strong stomach to play, since the first six months of '79 are likely to be hell. In brief: volatility and emotional roller coaster moves in stock prices that will leave most investors in a state of utter bewilderment.

Whatever your holds for the rest of '79, Lash is confident it's one of the worst years in history after nine years as a trader into a select Wall Street club of million-dollar producers. (The \$1 million refers to the amount of commission business.)

If you're over thoughts of paying that you should only do as well as the rest as Lash, then maybe you ought to do just that—copy Lash's what he does—right after us. As Lash explains it, after a casual encounter with his spouse, Lash, at bedtime, he doesn't get right to sleep, he has to be in bed by 10:30. He's the first officer in twenty minutes, paying for, among other things, good fortune in the market. "I'm not sure the praying helps me in the market, but I'm entering myself in case it does," he says. "I'll stay up, say, you can afford to make any night." Lash's next hours are in meditation, but he's much less on. He's backed up more from commissions than any other broker as the Drexel American period (about \$50 million) for the last five years is a new. And then there's his ability as a stock picker to outpace the stock market, sloppily, do nothing market. Of his 100 retail and institutional clients, two thirds of them—65, to be precise—was wrapping up the year with gains. Most important, if the market is truly as volatile as Lash's clients all 140 claims, they'd average about a 15 percent increase for the year. Lash's specialty, though, is trading, and here his '78 trading average is one better—a robust 30 percent.

Lash says the Dow Jones Industrial Average 306 as price index getting in a reasonably narrow 750-760 trading range over the last four to five months. Lash believes there's no way the market can take off with several times high and a recession starting as in the last. Five times the high will also suffer in only '79 from the high level of average debt and bank comparison

such as a three-and-one-half- to four-hour fight between New York and Texas.

As one reason to why Nordick believes a domestic all-fire-sale fight, he makes sense—down the desire to escape the grating outdoor atmosphere of coach travel

to the mushrooming female work force—one might well conclude that such a market exists right now. The question then is, Will any airline be bold enough to test the waters? If they do, I'll prefer a water bed to my berth.



Lash: "Investors should get a cosmopolitan."

with those heavy money-market instruments, such as Treasury bills, with earnings 5-10 percent yields.

Sounds dismal. But wait. By the end of the first quarter, Lash says, interest rates should have peaked and most of the bad news (such as prospects of a recession) will have been discounted. And at that point, the market should come on offense and start moving up, ending the year, Lash guesses, at about 750 in the DJI. "With record-low stock prices (compared to book values), extremely low price-earnings multiples, and stock-to-dividend yields—plus the increasing institutional buying power on the sidelines to look discount and foreign funds—I've got to believe the next big move in the market will be on the upside," he says.

Those better-than-expected quality growth stocks (and Lash's buy list) are the theory that is a year of anomalous corporate profits, the more visible earnings power is in previous growth companies, "and that's why I think big money will go into these stocks." His top choices: Black & Decker, IBM, Kodak, Micron, DuPont, National Semiconductor, and Polaroid. Lash also favors several smaller speculative growth companies—namely Cencora, maker of recovery medicine tools; Domination, producer of airline seating systems; Penta Systems, manufacturer of telecommunications equipment; and Teleflex, mainly because of Teleflex's new casting process that keeps engine engines warmer, resulting in savings on fuel costs.

One big caveat for Lash's '79 success was his last playing the computer take-over game—a game he was continuing to 79. His strategy: "When I buy a stock on a

slow move today, I go on the premise that thirty-eight percent of the same it's bullish. But if you get the sixty early enough and you think enough people will believe it and it's a marketable security (in terms of liquidity), then I buy it. But the secret is as well quickly once the story begins to attract widespread buying." De Monte and Public Health—two takeover stories that turned out to be sold—paid off big for some Lash clients. So did the renewed acquisitions of Ford, Cooper Laboratories, Biondini Industries, Burying-Ease, and Western Publishing.

Acquaintance women aside, Lash's major success stems from his ability to think, which, he believes, "is a gut feeling you're born with." Says Lash: "I watch the tape, and I believe I can tell what's really going to do. I can even with investor psychology change quickly, and more important, if I'm wrong—which is about thirty percent of the time—I sell right away."

Trading secrets, as Lash sees it, is the ability to capitalize quickly on any opportunity, even for example, the timing of new releases by Dow Jones and Reuters. Lash finds Reuters will frequently beat Dow Jones as an important release. (Recent examples include earnings reports of IBM and General Dynamics and board's announcement of a program to buy an million of its own shares.) Lash's strategy is to buy (or short) instantly the stock or options after the Reuters release and then (if for cover) when the more influential Dow Jones follows with the same news, and causes an additional flurry of buying or selling interest.

"It happens often enough that I really should be giving Reuters some of my recommendations," Lash says.

Interestingly, Lash never really wanted a career on Wall Street. A University of Miami graduate in 1967 who majored in sociology and philosophy, Lash wanted to be a sociology professor. But that (and more) enough money with a child on the way, he went into Wall Street for a chance in December of 1968, "he told me. And now, some ten years later, he's talking of going out into town (his growing success is bringing him many of the good things in life—a \$180,000 home at Huntington Valley, Pennsylvania, a \$112,000 Corvette, and a \$19,500 Jaguar).

But that's not what Lash is angling for. "I want to make enough money to leave and teach sociology in Venezuela or Guatemala," he says. (Lash lives in NYC.) "Wall Street is a rat race, and no one wants to live in a rat race forever." —48—

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# Lawyers for the Workers

The country's best prepaid legal program is union-made

One Friday morning, a few days ago, Sheldon Barneck, a lanky thirty-five-year-old lawyer, had three cars flit speed across his desk in lower Manhattan. All of his clients are city workers. One, a clerk at a Bronx hospital, had been served by a medical unit on vacation notice at her South Bronx apartment. Her husband had abandoned her two months before. Now Barneck was trying to stall the eviction. He needed to work out a schedule for her to stop the back rent while he pursued a support suit against the employer. The second case involved a clerk in the sanitation department. She faced gross negligence (because of her wages from a retail store for which she owed on a credit card). The third client, a highway construction worker, wanted to sue a machine operator who had injured the repairman's small pointer. The best bid took at his mama, claimed the operator, and he'd recovered at his own expense.

Barneck works for what may be the best prepaid legal-service plan in the country—the Municipal Employees Legal Services (MELS) program of New York City's District Council (DC) 37, of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees. MELS has just passed its first anniversary, and its success if sustained, could signal the beginning of a new era in which it becomes deviously less necessary to be rich or involved in an exceptional case to get competent access to the best legal system in the world.

The South Bronx woman whose husband is missing and who faces eviction has already received four hours of Barneck's time. Before the case is closed Barneck will probably log one or two court appearances and another five or ten hours. The cost is the client: \$18 a year, deducted from each month's member's paycheck in one-dollar payments every other week.

DC 37, a well-known for innovative member-service programs, they even run a fully accredited college. Five years ago, the union's leaders discovered that a social workers' unit set up to help members with personal problems was finding that those cases were largely legal matters—divorces, landlord battles, bankruptcies, and the



Barneck, after coffee service

like Talton Topol, then the union's general counsel and now MELS executive director, was asked to explore ways to meet the need. A Ford Foundation pilot project was launched in 1974 with about 25,500 of the union's 100,000 members randomly chosen to receive free legal services for themselves and their families.

The carefully monitored experiment yielded all kinds of information. How much prepayment would be used instead of lawyers, what kinds of standardized forms and procedures would work, how lawyers could be supervised best, what proportion of members' legal problems would be divorces, will writing, or whatever. In short, the experiment gave Topol and DC 37 executive director Victor Gotbaum a sense of how much lawyering they would be able to do for how much money. For \$12 a year per member, the union could offer basic bonus services—bonuses limited to wills, bankruptcies, and evictions.

At the other extreme, \$44 would buy a full month, covering just about all noncriminal problems. Originally, Gotbaum planned to ask the city to pay for the plan as part of the benefits package in the next contract. But 1975-76 was the time of New York's new bankruptcy and municipal workers were faced with being laid off, not getting the new ones. So Gotbaum and Topol decided that the workers themselves would be asked to pay for it in a deduction of a dollar from each biweekly paycheck. What we have here, therefore, is not just a program that's damn good but

one that can't even be stretched to another example of the New York City government's rotten charity. It costs the city nothing extra.

The \$26-a-year fee was about halfway between the cost of the best local package and full service. So Topol had to make some tough choices about what could be included. Divorces, bankruptcies, and evictions are included because they were the single most important category of need discovered in the pilot project. But criminal lawyer disputes that aren't part of formal institutional splits are left out. Also, contested divorces that go to trial (80 percent are not contested) are done, but they cost the members \$300. Cases involving possession of goods and services are covered because disputes are so high, but those involving disputes of less than \$100 are left out because New York has a small-claims court where people can argue these cases on their own.

Since MELS seemed so thoroughly paid-off, it was an odd building on Broadway a year ago last September, some 6,000 members have been served by 25 lawyers, who are supported by 14 paralegals and 3 social workers. In a sixteen-week, 172 cases were started and divided into the following categories: 33 matrimonial, 38 wills, 15 evictions, 13 government-benefits cases, and 36 consumer and other miscellaneous cases. Ten clients I contacted at random unanimously praised the service they'd received as both effective and distinctly nonbureaucratic.

"This is not like a doctor's office or a doctor's office, let alone like a clinic," Topol says. "No one sits and waits. This is done for by having paralegals screen calls to determine which cases will and cannot qualify for the plan, then schedule interviews for them with the lawyers. The screens are courteous, at least they were when I checked them out, and they're as a potential client."

Lawyers are divided into five teams. Three, like Barneck's, handle all kinds of money one does all the wills and another, specializing in bankruptcies, handles only problems having to do with needless banking government benefits.

A devoted but easy-to-read computer program, presented every month provides the same supervisors and Topol with a



## 1979 Camaro Z28: From people who know what performance is all about.

If you've seen some of the best drivers in the world driving race-prepped Chevrolet Camaro Z28s in the International Race of Champions. And maybe you imagined yourself behind the wheel.

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Obviously, all cars run on some kind of fuel. So do you. But what you save with a Rabbit Diesel, can fuel you with steak.

**VOLKSWAGEN  
DOES IT  
AGAIN**



## The Language

by John Simon

# Gloom at the Top

Who reads *The New York Review of Books*? Not the copy editors

**T**his time I resolved to examine what was happening to English in the pages of *The New York Review of Books*, the literary-political review with the highest post-up in America, rivaled only by one or two quarters. The only reasonably fair way of avoiding a quick newspaper was to pick up some at random and pursue it from cover to cover; the issue I selected was that of November 25. Here's some of my findings.

The lead is a review of Philip Roth's *Amot* by Laurence and Fabrice 1912-1972, by Frederick Crews, a professor of English at Berkeley and author of several books of criticism, among them *The Book People*. Professor Crews's review is thorough, informative, and lively but not without lapses in its diction. We read: "This rule applies nowhere more strongly than to *Parthian Revue*, the longest-lived ... of all our magazines. . . . A minor error to note is that although deep-dyed a hyphenist, the conservative longer-lived and the sagacious *Jagat* died not when they follow a verb—omitted or stated. More daring in the false construction 'applies nowhere more . . . than to' *Nowhere* is stated, to it disputes it would have been preferable to use a participle in setting men stridently thus on."

Again, "Twenty-four respondents concurred with Philip's and Roth's property of it is assessed. When a positive involves two persons, to a joint understanding, cross, however, or possibly and their personal names are listed by an and, only the second name takes the 's'; thus 'Karl and Alan's play' (for those they were together, 'Karl's and Alan's') for those they were separately, 'Freud and Butler's room,' 'daddy and mommy's bedroom,' 'daddy's and mommy's room' (if they sleep apart) and 'Phillips and Roth's [joint] proposal.' Further on, we read about 'one sure change of pronunciation': the slight, interesting, 'ferret' is spelled one-letter or another.

The next review, of three books about the gods and sons of ETI (extraterrestrial intelligence), is by Merrin Gardner, who, like many writers about science, care-

ned to copy a review of Anthony Bonner's 1981, by Clive James, a London literary journalist. Bonner's words would be in the so-called lead paragraph: "A good case can be made for Zangaris, Huxley, and Orwell having struck deeper than the staidest Stalin would." They would agree with Fowler that the sentence should end in part, "for Zangaris's, Huxley's, and Orwell's having struck deeper."

Here, they would say, is a ground in a verbal sense modified by an adjectivally functioning gerative, Zangaris's. But this is not of those disputed areas of English grammar, and there are many civilized persons, not to mention serious grammarians, who would cheerfully go along with Clive James. The fact that there are three nouns involved makes the case of the Americans even stronger: all three agree-



ments an English superior to that of his colleagues in the humanities. Only one sentence bothers me: "A cube has the same structure for a kind man's touch than it has to one who uses it." *Shit* men's, a gerund, demands a parallel positive, such as *work* (which, however, would not work here), otherwise you seem to infer *work* is *work*. Curiously, then, "A cube has the same structure to the touch of a blind man as to the eye of a sighted one," or "A cube's structure is the same to a blind man's touch as to a sighted man's eye."

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ments and extra adverbs add up to heavy going. But if there were only one noun, I would probably use with Fowler: "A good case can be made for Zangaris's, for 'Huxley's' or 'Orwell's'." And if the three writers had been named in the previous sentence, I would start on "A good case can be made for one [one] having struck deeper . . ."

**W**e come, next, to James's figure evaluation of A Cheeky Greger: "A timely international primer for aspiring learning Russians, in other respects it is a bit thin." No need for heavy discussions of syntax to convey the amiable need for a noun or pronoun to which the phrase "a handy primer," at least, can attach itself; the sentence would be very much sturdier and clearer written as follows: "A handy primer for anyone learning Russian, if [the book] is a bit thin as often appears." James is a bit sloppy about word order, or also in the way he so easily makes a dangerous suggestion: "which would read less fully as 'a rather dangerous suggestion'."

Again, James writes, "He is an individual by interest—a valuable trait in a personality, but a limited viewpoint from which to observe a whole society." This doesn't work. The "valuable trait" is presumably, isolated, but interest is not a "viewpoint" (quite aside from the fact that centuries of sound tradition have followed



# Stuck on Ourselves, Hooked on Trout, and Spooked by World War III

## Lasch's Nation of Narcissists

Christopher Lasch's newest work of social criticism is *The Culture of Narcissism* (W. W. Norton & Company, \$11.95). It is an ambitious book, displaying such diverse resources as radical economics and sociology, psychiatric case studies, and contemporary fiction, in an attempt to document the characteristically psychological personality of our time (the "narcissism" of the title) and its causes and effects in society.

Lasch sees an America in which "confidence has fallen to a low ebb" during a "period" (one of western culture, which includes itself in a pervasive despair of an understanding the course of modern history or suggesting it is rational direction) "of total cynicism on the corruption on the street, artistic nihilism—in creative and hostile, a war of all against all, which is now spreading from the lower class, where its long rapid and unrelenting, to the rest of society. The Middle in the Middle, Percy points to its inevitable personal effects: "What does a man do when he can no longer understand himself because the dreams of man of the flower age no longer work, the theories of the new age are not yet known, and so everything is upside down, people failing but when they should feel good, good when they should feel bad?"

"If you want to find the 'meaning' of the sense of historical time," Lasch writes, after walking around one of the alienated glowering new condominium suburbs or the shopping malls that move them, "it's best to be in an environment that is least so potentially against any sense of belonging to a culture, a history, a civilization, and imagine moral imperatives issuing in the streets or being embodied in the children."

In Lasch's view, modern psychiatry has become cultural agents of cynical apathy. "Displaced by anxiety, depression, rage, disorientation—a kind of inner collapse, the psychological need of the twentieth century seems: peace of mind. Therapists' success has been often in the struggle for compromise." Therapy has established itself as the dominant force to repress individualism and to replace it with the therapeutic outlook threat-



Lasch studying a "landscape picture."

to replace politics in the lives of people, "the therapeutic culture" does serious damage by obscuring the political roots of personal crises—and it is a part of Lasch's reasoning that "social questions inevitably present themselves also as personal ones." The anxiety that drives people to eat and sex comes, he writes, "from the terrible conditions that pervade American society.... The trouble with the consciousness movement is not that it addresses trivial or unreal needs but that it provides self-defining solutions.... It is all was people to avoid excessive dependence on others.... and to live for the moment—the very condition that created the crisis of personal relations in the first place."

Defining mental health as "the avoidance of inhibitions and the over-the-top gratification of every impulse," the therapeutic scribbles help to obscure the intense self-consciousness that typifies, in milder form, the symptoms of pathological narcissism. These symptoms are also among the troubles man frequently sees in narcissism leading the current landscape picture of "borderline" patients—those who seek treatment for an unquenchable desire rather than the hysterical need compulsive behaviors seen by Freud. It is Lasch's insistence to point up the "connections" between the narcissistic personality type and certain characteristic patterns of contemporary culture, with its intense fear of old age and death, absence of time, fascination with celebrity, loss of orientation, desire for the play space, determining the future with reference to the past. Believing that "it [is] possible to use narcissism and psychism in some sense the characteristic expression of a given culture," he submits that our society, in its rush to embrace technological advances and its repudiation of the sense of history, time, less give "pessimism and encouragement to narcissistic traits," that the narcissistic personality is realistic in many of our actions—and responsible for much of our current state of affairs.

Lasch also documents the narcissism of a professional and managerial class, whose use of the propaganda power of advertising has created a narcissism of need and dependence that strengthens the expert's position and enriches the bourgeoisie while depleting the individual's competence and self-worth and altering the economy that feeds narcissism.

It is Lasch's insistence on seeing political and economic questions as related to psychological and social ones—indeed they are inevitably symbiotic—that supplies the long forward, the logical original insight, in *The Culture of Narcissism*. It is a persuasive analysis, most often elegantly stated, and one that would occupy the more parochial anxiety of disoriented Marxists or Freudians.

When Lasch objects to the manifestation of spontaneity by therapeutic thinking, there has always been enough spontaneity to go around, but leadership learned by psychology is dry and challenges the state religion that the citizens have selected, the control of the benefits. Somewhere, there are fools: Lasch denounces at times to our shame that are less their genuine (a chapter on sports suffers especially from this), and while mostly correct, he begins to lose track of his own analysis. Most glaringly, he lumps "the post-Freudian therapists" together in propagating the gratification of all impulses, as narcissism indicates that ignores the therapeutic approaches that stress social responsibility.

But he does acknowledge the good intentions of most of the capable experts, tending the bulk of the men he denounces at the doorway of our central agency provisionally.

## Schwiebert's Lifetime of Trout

Ernest Schwiebert's *Trout* is two volumes strong, 1,740 pages, including a 35-page subject index, containing some 2,000 entries and a 10-page bibliography. There are 16 chapters showing fish and recreation links as well as unmeasurable black-and-white drawings, which Schwiebert himself contributed. This all comes in a dignified edition of \$19.95. Dutton, 151 Madison St., 10014, New York City, is the publisher. The author's signature and an author's note fly suitable for fishing.

Gold medals aside, *Trout* is a prodigious handbook in the literature of angling. It is more than a book about fishing. It is a book about fishing for trout, which means it is about trout and the weather, about streams and rocks, about rivers and lake fisheries. It is about goldfish, trout, and bass, and a hundred other specimens that make time worth waiting. It is about how fish evolve, mature, and end—and it is about how life may be craftsman-crafted through delicate creation of marshes, meadows and rivers.

Five days and nights the survival of Ernest Schwiebert: it took his place in the fisherman's pastime. It seems his life's work. For it is hard to imagine a man enjoying and loving examination of what represents the life of a fish.

Lee Eisenberg is a contributing editor of *Aquarist* magazine.

**The cult of self should not drive us farther behind our doors. For that way lies madness.**

any-day capitalism. What under the surface of the professional and managerial who have built the bureaucracy of experience, he writes, "in the need to promote and defend the system of corporate capitalism from which they—the managers and professionals—who operate the system derive the benefits." American professionals have been corrupted by the managerial capitalism with which it is so closely allied: the growth of management and the professional of professions represent new forms of capitalist exploitation.

The struggle against bureaucracy therefore requires a struggle against capitalism itself.

Lasch doesn't propose the overthrow of capitalism in favor of another economic system, but he does say that one must "take the solution of their problems into their own hands," to that "the productive capacities of modern capitalism.... come to serve the interests of humanity."



Schwiebert is a long-established, strange-same name, renowned among fishermen for his books inspired the classic *Trout* of the 1930s, 1950s and the countless magazine pieces often accompanied by his precise illustrations. He has had an abiding interest in the angler's ancient naturalized hobby, history, to name a few fisheries, he has been devoted to the angler's art, that beautiful catch of fish, writing and painting inspired by trout fishing. In his art, inspired by trout to

Many American readers will part company with Lasch over his identification of capitalism as an overvalued system for the evils he perceives. Many of those who don't will still feel to be persuaded by his optimism, which seems in perspective and would be the major reason for the release of Western civilization may yet guarantee the moral reasons for its freedom in present crisis," he writes. "A pervasive distrust of those in power.... may furnish the basis of a new capacity for self-government. In small towns and crowded urban neighborhoods, men in suburbs, men and women have initiated modern experiments in cooperation, designed to defend their rights against the corporations and the state."

This is the one aspect of the book in which Lasch himself seems to be going through motions—having said so, he would like to fight a corner with the sort of his own arguments, perhaps, he is unable to offer convincing evidence of a way out. It is a book that is not only a book of the corporations and food corporations could sugar the selling of its malfunctions and entrenched a bureaucracy in Lasch's politics. Maybe it can, maybe it must. The alternative to thinking so, after all, is to do nothing. But the one who is not the moment will drive us further behind our doors and sleep from our common interests. That way, as everybody used to know, lies madness.

## by Lee Eisenberg

we see that in this most comprehensive and relevant picture.

The book is that for "many anglers men," Schwiebert's work is not only a book about fishing with trout or an emotion of fishing for trout. They go on to mention some trout and trout, to trout, to trout, to trout. They go to observe whatever may be happening above and below the current, the fishing details of anything, the rising life of trout.

What do you need to know about fishing? There is everything and anything in *Trout*. In his opening chapters, Schwiebert reviews the sport's history, from an Englishman's first fishing trip to the rise of the sport in America. He writes of the remarkable story of John D. Bernier, who, from a nursery, compiled the rise of *Trout* of *Trout* as an Angler—200 years before *Trout*. The book is a book of the trout's past, brook, rainbow, brown, cutthroat, golden, steel, grayling. There is much to tell, much to think about. We learn that the trout's greatest power is its ability to "quickly change shape." "Quickly change shape" is a phrase that has been used again. "We learn that 'the fish can actually feel their food, simply by touching it with the back of their mouth, and then they can feel the taste of the food.'"



# Dubious Achievement Awards for 1978

A review in words and pictures of the eighteenth consecutive worst year yet

## CONVICTED BY A JURY OF HER PEARS

A jury found Jacqueline Onassis, of Washington, D.C., guilty of smuggling ten stolen furs from a supermarket and eating them.

## WE DIDN'T SAY YOU HAD TO SWEAT IT

A copy issued in Buenos Aires, Mexico, refused to accept a blood transfusion from a man donor because the said he "sweats" more than acceptable for blood issue blood.

## DRINK UP ALL OF IT. WE CARE YOU

A letter a series of letters from the son of Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton, the first American saint, was stolen from a New York church and replaced with a half-pipe handle of Thunderbolt wine.

## BONGA, BONGA, BONGA, I DON'T WANNA LEAVE THE BONGA

The Center for Scientific Rur search in Holland "recommen" of the correct skills be used as crash helmets for motorcycles.

## AMERICA, LOFTY GLIMMERING CITIES, LOFTY TOWERS, AND NOBLE SPIRITS

The roof of the Coliseum at the Hartford Civic Center built in 1978 for \$70 million collapsed under the weight of snow.

## HIGHEST COW OF THE YEAR

Sponsorship Phil Spector sold on the air when Phil of "Pop Phil" K's track, said "Which was kind of gets the damper on me a fashion via."



FINEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR IN A CONTINUING INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC SERIES The U.S. dollar

## IT'S ABOUT TIME THE RUBBIES STARTED TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT US

A correspondence from the Soviet news agency Tass stated America's dream and reported that diamonds were common in the rubies and "spend a whole night clicking with the light and dressing of home, success and money."

## WHY SHOULD HE BE ANY DIFFERENT FROM THE REST OF HIS PROFESSION?

In an affidavit filed to a San Francisco court, Pury Bland requested a new trial claiming that a witness, P. Lee Bailey's own account associated with her, said Pury "I noticed during the trial that it was necessary for him to suggest what I consider 'hanging' evidence, but his 'hanging' was obvious, that he seemed to be suffering from the effects of nicotine."

## "IF A RACIST EXPECTS TO BE ISOLATED AND FREE, IN A STATE OF CIVILIZATION, IT EXPECTS WHAT NEVER WAS AND NEVER WILL BE"

—THOMAS JEFFERSON Despite a million-fold media promotional effort, the three networks were unable to persuade Americans to watch the November election returns in New York for example, nearly 30 percent of the viewers were tuned to The Pink Panther.

## HYPOCRISIES MEET

One third of the group of physicians pulled by the American Medical Association and they left "unimpaired" (reading) humanitarian patients.

## THE BEST THING IS THAT YOU CAN CRUMBLE IT DOWN THE AISLE

Carl Michael of Daytona, Florida, received a patent for an on-the-spot magic coffee.

## TIME AND A HALF FOR ANYONE WHO VOLUNTEERS FOR THE MILD TRIP TO BILLY CARTER'S AMCO STATION

Volunteers at the University of Hawaii were paid a dollar a day to sell papers in an effort to find a paper downtown.

## FOR THIS I GENTLY YOU FOUR YEARS TO MEDICAL SCHOOL

Luxembourg at the Mount Sinai Medical Center in Miami Beach found that students say is an "efficiency" after regularity very serious education therapy.

## AFTER THAT, IT WAS INTO THE WOODS FOR CAGARS AND COSMOS

After asking what he was doing for dinner in the home of his brother-in-law, Argentinean Amos Maradona was told the job was from day. Maradona then went outside and revealed Jerry's checkbook, pulled out credit cards and those cards, then he flew to a truck and a farmhouse.

## BORRY, POLAND

Golewinski, headmistress, in Warsaw produced a set rules by

WHEN RABBI BENJAMIN JUMPED OUT OF THE CAKE, YOU COULD HEARD A PINK DROP High. Father gave a \$1000 plus dinner to spare money to support the Anti Rights Association.

## IT'S TEN P.M. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR KIM SCOLL IS?

Gay Bob the world's first gay dad was introduced. He came with a flower shirt, pants, cowboy boots, and a dollar he can come out of.

## HARVEST DAY OF THE YEAR

21.05 inches, Albany, Texas, August 4.



## MEANWHILE DOWN ON THE DOWNST

RAN TEN T.M. IS GRUBBING BUTTS AND WASHING WINDSHIELDS While in New York for an engagement in Radio City Hall, Lance reported in a \$100 a day race in The Plaza hotel.

## STEP ONE, REMOVE CRUJON FROM DENT

Catherine Mavris of Detroit, has created the Polish subway book to an "approach with dig rap" as the problem of wandering children in Polish was not in a critical in Polish jobs.



The new Betty Ford



WAKE US WHEN IT'S OVER Harold Sasser announced he would run for President for the ninth time.

## DOCTOR, I HAVE THIS PROBLEM I WANT TO MARRY MY MOTHER'S CALLOUS

UCLA professor Rudolf M. Lenzmann, founder of the American Medical Society, announced that he would marry his mother's callous for \$75 an hour.



WIT SIX HOURS, THEN PASS GO Norman Mervin offered a \$100 Marquary on made variety of costly

AS THEY SAID ABOUT GOETHE, HIS LIFE IS HIS WORK. Notary, Cincinnati, a Santa Clara, California, pharmacist, saw the world's largest collection of credit cards—602 of them.



FATAL LAST WORDS Shortly before he was killed, San Francisco Superior Mr. very little used of the tragedy in Daytona. Somewhere this will make a great opera and I'd want like the rights to it.

## WE'LL WAIT FOR THE OFFER

Henry Blevins and Dick Schupp received \$175,000 for their use of 44 based on the Son of Sam case.

## POINT TAKEN

Eric Gorman passed Bill Guenther, forty-one, turned himself to death in his bid to escape his danger in the back of Christmas party in the world.

## DON'T BLAME DESIGNED

Thirteen year old Greg Phillips, son of Anne, North Carolina, found a painful foreign object on his left foot and, when he considered a massive, discovered he had a snake growing there.

## BUT NOT A NOBLE HOME FOR NEW YORK CITY

Dr. Louis Brax Jr. of Cheshire, South Carolina, called for national federal spending for the study of heartbreak conditions.

## TOO LATE, JOHN BULSH ALREADY HOLDS THE COPYRIGHT

Like Wayne has ended on the estate for his trademark "Em, Em, Em" which seems, ugly, strong, self dignified.



The new Elaine

WHY NOT THE BEST? Roger Strivas, student body president at the University of Georgia in Athens, collapsed at a paper-bag snack at a picnic that advocated that a huge Baggie be made to cover the campus on rainy days.



IT WAS ALL THOSE LONGEST IN SUNDLARGES ON POLTER SKATES Gorman scored Ernest Kermes came from his water bed to the West Coast, stayed off his job at a sailing trip in New York, Maine, and spent the day doing thinking he was in California.

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The new Larry Flynt

## CHANGES



The new Billa Abzug



The new Elaine



The new Larry Flynt





**ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH**  
For its first time in the history of magazine covers, *Playboy* is in a bind: a hard time replacing its mascot of gals.

**STRONG TIE-UP**  
The Finnish Youth's Bond one of Sweden's dearest. Dark for comeliness and for his apparent lack of love marriage in Dingo.



**IS THAT THE SAME DUCK AS THE FINISH FLAG?**  
The Central American Office reportedly located General Duck's name into the company that provides the payroll for H.U.D. The company head Duck is \$77,777 a year for an unexpected job with the duck brand—see, said the editor.

**WIDEST NEW PLAYER**  
George Kent And wide spread.

**FOR AN EXTRA \$1, SHE TAKES HER TEETH OUT**  
Singing pop-singer Gwyneth L. Hopkins of Fresno, California, was arrested when he of found the sexual services of his twenty-year-old wife for a day by itself.

**IT'S CALLED RIFFLE**  
Henry Stein, a Colorado car salesman, says he has discovered a chemical that allows him to see through a "windshield" for a day or so.

**NO, JAMES, I DIDN'T RING FOR YOU THAT WAS JUST MR. SHAPIRO**  
British countries have named electronic underpans for people who wear their pants. Most are sensitive electronic in the cloth are activated by urine, causing a buzzer to sound.



**THE CLIFFORD IRVING GOLD PEN AND PENCIL SET FOR JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY TO:**  
David M. Byrne, author of *It Ain't Ain't a Book about a Book*.

**COLDEST DAY OF THE YEAR**  
—MY. Alaska, Alaska, February 1.



**WORST MOVIE OF THE YEAR**  
Sir Peter's Empty Pocket Club Band.

**WE THINK THAT ANY GUY WHO WALKS AROUND IN A RIGID SKIRT IS JUST ASKING FOR IT**  
John Lee wonders of Barbie man: said that Barbie has should be changed to present men from women's eyes, whom he called "barbie" mentioned and physically strong women.

**THE COAST-TO-COAST VOTE OF ABSOLUTELY NO CONFIDENCE TO**  
The American vote-bought voters.



**EXPOSURE'S OFFICIAL KILLER-HILL WACKER**  
Northwestern poet, Gough, Fremont, Colorado.

**WE COULDN'T PUT DOWN THE JOY OF CLAM**  
BY ALEX COMFORT  
The library in Upper Adagio, Ohio, caters to way of its books by a "main English card-quest." The subject of each book is suggested by the word of the card. So far, there are 10 different categories, including girls, horses, goats, girls, and camels.



**AND WHO AMONG US WILL EVER FORGET WHERE WE WERE AND WHAT WE WERE DOING WHEN WE HEARD THE NEWS?**  
Don Roemer shared of his memories.

**NOW, THE WEATHER STRONG NORTHERLY WINDS FROM UPPER ARLINGTON, OHIO**  
Mayor Tanager of Jacksonville Florida, entered a \$44,000 study to find out why the city winds so fast.

**TIPPECANOE AND JOHN PAUL B**



**IT'S NOW, MOHAMMED S. A. AL FASSE**  
**IT'S REALLY YOUR**  
Mohammed S. A. Al Fasse bought a mansion in Beverly Hills for \$14 million, then spent an additional 2.5 million renovating. The house is painted in gold. The deal on a 1000. Renovation makes it include private bar, and a lot of Italian, even including plastic flowers is not around for center.

# THE BODY POLITIC (EYE, EAR, NOSE, AND THROAT DIVISION)



HE SAID TOO MUCH  
Dr. Peter Roemer



SHE HEARD TOO MUCH  
Midge Conner



HE SAID TOO MUCH  
Andrew Young



HE SWALLOWED TOO MUCH  
Hummel Jordan



**AND ONCE A MONTH, IT WILL LIE DOWN IN THE HANGAR AND COMPLAIN OF FUELAGE CHARGES**  
Larry Flinn, publisher of *Aviation* and *Chic magazine*, purchased *Shirley Flinn* to get plane and plane to plane in peak.

**IF WE'VE TOLD YOU ONCE, WE'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES, LOVE BEARS NEVER HAVING TO DANCE YOUR CREDITS**  
Urula Anders and Ryan O'Neil went down in a Beverly Hills house when the burglar alarm went off by mistake. The other man. She was not crying. They claim it's not true. *Urula and Ryan Love Story O'Neil*.



**SO WHAT'S A FEW HOURS OF HAPPINESS AFTER CENTURIES OF PURGATORY?**  
Orange Guard of Miami, moved the Orange Guard to hold a two-week party for his son Harvey. The celebration included 300 friends, a 100-member high school marching band, speeches, a mass funeral in advance, and a massive funeral in cheerfulness. The scorecard showed "Happy Birthday, Harvey."

**COLDEST DAY OF THE YEAR OUTSIDE ALASKA**  
—CTF Taylor Park, Colorado January 1.



**QUITE BUT DUMB**  
Nashville babies in a distance delivery are put into Tubes that say "I was born in the Union Memorial Hospital."



**THUS EDGING OUT DISCO GROIN**  
Shakelord's business rose from first record to seventh on the *Crossover* Friday before Christmas's national injury endorsement.

**THAAROM**  
Parsons agreed to replace in many in ten million of its "500" worldwide robot men because they proved faulty.



SERPENT & TOOTH OF THE YEAR  
Christine Crawford

### Abstract



Kishia Holtzman's research



Estimated means  $\pm$  1 SD (n=10)



### Software and Hardware



**Franklin Silverman**



## References



### Background



### The American experience

British legislators banned the custom whereby parents borrow on their offspring first names that may later embarrass the children. Names cited as being newly unacceptable: Fred, Fats, Red, Big Boy, Aunty Oving of Paris, and Joseph Cox. Married in Secret.

The city council of Wrentham, Rhode Island, voted to designate the regular operators in its waters "perambulators" instead of "scuba divers."

**WHEN LAST SEEN,  
THE THING  
WAS EATING MEMPHIS**  
The Tennessee Valley Authority  
clashes down a nuclear power  
plant for seven-month delay because  
a nuclear's gambit: Will state be  
allowed to build?

**OH, SHUT UP!**  
Fatty Heald was used to prison  
wearing a T-shirt that read,  
"Strong kidnapped H always  
jumps in the cell at 10:00."

The crowd in Saint Peter's Square in Rome was restless throughout two paper battles when it could not tell whether the counter signal from the fire

**In Chicago:** *Wanna*, a diseased elderly rabbit was successfully treated by amputation.



LET'S SEE THAT AGAIN ON OUR SLOW MOTION ISOLATED REPLAY... Aaron Blake, a Westminster Washington high school football player, attempted a field goal October 14, and his artificial leg flew off (oward) the defense line.

**TO SEE ME?**  
William Moore, president of  
Finkle Packers International,  
wants to make the public the  
new symbol of world peace. He  
says, "Finkles are gentle, harm-  
less, and harmless-looking."

**OCPE**  
U.S. Navy attack jets missed their practice targets and dropped about two live bombs on the hotel California community of Windsor Valley.

**WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?**  
After being pelted with eggs, Richard Nixon addressed the Oxford Union. He said he "welcomed all the Wingers of this age" and that "my political life is over."

**BLIZZEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR**  
On the evening of January 16, severe snowstorms began in Louisville, Kentucky. Not much later, the city was forced to take emergency measures to handle a record number of deaths.

**SIGN UP NOW FOR THE FILM OF FARRAH FAWCETT-MAJORS AND THE ART OF RUSS TAMBLYN**  
 UCLA held a week-long retrospective of the films of Katherine Blake.



**WELL?**  
A State Department spokesman explaining why an oil portrait of Henry Kissinger was rejected and the picture portrayed Kissinger as "a dwarf, a repulsive, gaudy thing."

**BY GOD, IN OUR DAY  
IT WOULD HAVE  
MEANT THE GIBNET  
IN TYBURN**

English engineering foreman Peter Chowdhury swears on his fast from his job when he put his hands in his overall pockets while speaking with his manager, we don't do.

A Novella by Jim Harrison

This short novel is unlike anything being written today. Once you've begun it, you'll read it through, caught by storytelling in the great tradition. It's a tale of high adventure and great romantic obsession told in a reckless and precipitous literary style that befits the characters and their actions. Yet the telling is informed by such a fine contemporary sensibility, so sure an authorial presence, that what we have is that rare combination: a spellbinding reading experience that is also clearly a work of literary art.

The author, **Joe Horowitz**, is a forty-one year old, an autoconscient man of letters who lives with his family in northern Michigan. He has written three novels, which were much admired but met with little commercial success. And he is a poet—with four collections published. He experienced difficult years financially, although aided by a National Endowment grant and a Guggenheim fellowship. Until his friend Jack Nicholson, the actor, staked him to a year's work free from money worries. That year he wrote three novels—*Loveless in the Fall*, which Dutton Co. Press/Seymour Lawrence will publish in April 1978.

You have ahead of you thirty-two pages of great reading, the longest work of fiction Esquire has published in a single issue—and certainly one of the best. Turn the page. Start reading. You won't stop until the end.

Illustrations by John Thompson

## Part One: Three Brothers

**L**ate in October in 1904 three brothers rode from Choteau, Montana, to Calgary in Alberta to enlist in the Great War (the U.S. did not enter until 1917). An old Cheyenne named One Stick rode with them to inform with the horses in tow because the horses were blooded and their father did not think it fitting for his sons to ride off to war on mules. One Stick knew all the shortcuts in the northern Rockies to their ride traversed wild country, much of it far from ranch and settlements. They left before dawn with their father holding on as long as the shille dressed in his buffalo robe. All of their clan and the favored breath he entrusted them with rose in a small white cloud in the mists.

By first light the wind blew hard against the pelted aspens, the leaves skittering across the high pasture and burying themselves in a dune. When they forded their first river the losses of the cottonwoods, stripped by the wind caught in the sedges, greeted themselves against the rocks. They passed in weeks a wild eagle, dove down by the first snow in the mountains, fearlessly chased a flock of mallards in the brook. Even in this valley they could hear the high clear roar of wind against cold rock above the aspen.

By noon they crossed a divide, a cordillera, and turned to take a last view of the ranch. That is, the brothers took in the view and the last brainstorming in the raw wind which blew the air so close the ranch looked impossibly close and beautiful though already heavy with disdain. Not One Stick though, who found much more and who stared straight up in wonder when they crossed the refined tracks of the Northern Pacific. And a little further on when they all heard the distant cry of a wolf in midday, they pretended that they had not heard it for the cry at midday was the worst of awens. They took back as they rode as if to escape the mournful sound and not wanting to sit at the edge of a glade where the sound might descend on them again. Alford, the oldest brother, said a prayer while Triton, the middle brother, cursed and spat out his mean past Alford and One Stick. Samuel, the youngest, dashed along with his eyes sharp on the flora and fauna. He was the apple of the family's eye, and at eighteen already had one year in at Harvard studying in the tradition of Agassiz at the Peabody Museum. When One Stick pointed at the far ridge of a great mountain he said for Samuel to climb up, his head close on seeing the roan horse emerge from the woods with its rider carrying half a bleached buffalo skull against his face and his laughter carrying across the meadow to the old Indian.

On the third day of their trip the wind let up and the air warmed; the sun dulled by an autumn haze. Triton shot a deer in the depths of forest who only ate the deer ant of immature pellets. Alford, as usual, was ruminative and unconcerned, wondering how One Stick and Triton could eat so much meat. He pulled his head. When Triton and One Stick ate the liver first Samuel laughed and said he himself was an omnivore who would eat up as a herbivore, but Triton was a transgressor who could dare up and snarl and slap or drag and where for days Triton gave the rest of the carcass to a banyan, a kamistah-ah, whose grided hair they slept in that night proffering the horn to the dense aromatic smell of the elms full of children. Typically the homophones did not know there was a war going on in Europe: much less coming any firm action where Europe was. One Stick Samuel took a living of dinner to the eldest daughter and quoted a verse of Heinrich Heine to her at German, her native language. The father laughed, the mother and daughter left the table in embarrassment. At dawn when they left, the daughter gave Samuel a scarf she had spent the night knitting. Samuel heard her hand, said he would write, and gave her a gold pocket watch for safekeeping. One Stick watched this from the woods when he walked the horse. He picked up Samuel's saddle as if he were picking up down himself, down always owning the furthest, darkest reaches of the human gender. *Pendora Mead-*





memory was stark and bare: a raw skin on the floor, a hanger skin covering the pillow on the bed, and a small trunk in the corner. Laddow groaned, knowing the skin on the pillow was from Tristan's pet when he was two years old, but that Laddow had shot after it had killed his wife's dog and the bad gene into hysteria. Normally a most cherished animal, Tristan's pet would ride heretofore with him, perched dutifully across the pommel of the saddle and howling gutturally at anyone who came near except One Star. Laddow grinned behind the lenses over the trunk. He had the fur like an old moustache, could not smell his enemy. Inside the trunk the hanger he caught the plaster from the scuttling wheels of a pair of Spanish spurs Laddow had given Tristan as his twelfth birthday. There were some cartridges for a Sharps rifle, a rope halibut of unknown origin, a pair of flat arrowheads, and a few river rocks, as well as a pill from One Star when Laddow was fifteen. It was more the boy's father than himself. On the bottom of the trunk wrapped in antelope hide Laddow found with surprise, his own book, printed in 1875 by the Government Printing Office with "my father wrote this book" in a childish scrawl inside the cover.

**H**e stood abruptly with the lanterns tottering dangerously in his hand. He had not opened the book in three decades mostly out of grief that his recommendations to the Sioux had been not taken, not scorned, after which he resigned his commission and left Fort Vancouver. Laddow noted that Tristan had underlined and notated the pages and was curious about what an underlined and underlined it had would mean of what he considered a technical work. He took the book back in his arms and poured a glass from a decanter of Canadian whiskey kept under the bed for occasions.

The title itself was bland of one neglected certain historical source: *Report of a Reconnaissance of the Black Hills of Dakota, Made in the Summer of 1874 by William Laddow, Captain of Engineers, U.S. Army, Chief Engineer Department of Golden*. As a scientist, or what proved for one at the time, he had been attached to the 7th Cavalry under the command of an officer of his own rank, Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer. Laddow with his German ancestry joined Custer and kept the company of his scientific party which included George Bird Grinnell of Yale College, a born companion. When Custer became especially worried or angry he would name Laddow's English accent, an inexpressible freedom in a fellow officer. Laddow privately celebrated when he heard of Custer's demise at Little Big Horn three years later in '76. His first recommendation of his report had been to stay and fight and direct, after concerning the obvious advantage of the region, including the privilege it afforded against the armed host and armaments of the neighboring provinces. Laddow retired.

"To this, however, the first solution of the Indian question is an indispensable preliminary. The region is dominated by the sources in literature of the West. The first thing to be done is to acquire the land when leaving the buffalo, which is now the main subsistence of the wild tribes, will no longer suffice to that end: have looked forward to settling in and about the Black Hills as their future permanent home, and thus creating the greatest extension which is their fate. The Indians have no country further west to which they can migrate."

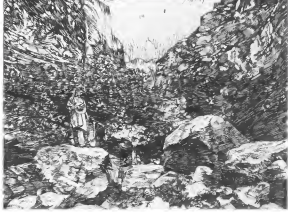
He gazed deeply from his window, more concerned at Tristan's upbraidings than the hostilities and chicanery of the government which had made him a man twice. He remembered well the pleasure of greenhouse. Tristan had found assistance. "I counted twenty-five out of twenty-eight that I intended to be an average square foot of ground. A brief calculation of the area once a million to the acre, according to proportion, their capacity for destruction to living vegetation may be ascertained. This power of sustained light, too, are wonderful — they appear able to keep on the way of a whole day, always moving with the wind and filling the air to a vast height — like wings reflecting the light

make them appear like flocks of notes floating lightly in the wind as descending through the shining rays of the sun, they resemble a fall of green snowflakes."

Laddow remembered Custer making an ironic speech to the troops with his long blond locks punctuated with shining green-tinted. He said so, being only on the porch of Tristan had underlined including a passage on a blood red moon that flooded the huge landscape, to which Tristan had added "I see this planet, once with Star would not look at all complete." The most beautiful paragraph, though, was a description of buffalo skulls which Laddow recognized for one of Sober's Ghost Dance superstitions and Tristan's boyish passion. "A man who shoots a buffalo and not at the entire body and make a nest at the head of the skull should think of that, including the bone marrow which Star says restores all health to the human body." Laddow recalled the skulls and the light on the features of a person's face that had flowed under his nose in pursuit of a doomed passenger pigeon. "It is but a few years since the country through which we passed was the favorite feeding ground of the buffalo, and there where skulls that the game is all destruction. Sometimes these are collected by the Indians, and arranged on the ground in fantastic patterns. In some of these collections which I viewed, the skulls had been painted red and blue in stripes and circles, and were arranged in five parallel rows of twelve each, all the skulls facing the East."

**H**e finished his drink and closed, not extinguishing the lamp because he was afraid the flames would return with its fatal qualities, the widely colored apron down. Laddow had not been back enough to try to make a life already lived, but he was rarely content that his brotherly life lived through his son's had been maintained, not so much with Alfred and Bernard who merely were what they were, but with Tristan. Laddow would intervene, at least temporarily, say scientific action reached by the barren and there was an idea current that character also stopped a generation. Laddow's own father had been a schooner captain, in fact in eighty-four still men, of unrelenting firmness and cheer, when they sailed to sea on all years while growing up. His own father's wanderings had been experienced by his father's visits of visiting great spirit living in the darkness in the Hawaiian world of Puna, and how a man is never the same after reading the Horn in a seventeenth page. One year Laddow's Christmas present would be a chronicle from Anna and the next a small gold Buddha from Siam and a constant flow of material specimens came from throughout the world. So perhaps Tristan's a greater hope had become his own father and would like Custer never take an order from anyone but would build his own life with games to himself that no one in the family ever knew what was in his seemingly thoughtless mind.

As though: Tristan had got school and dropped money here to try anything but had the price was a cow and sent off to the army and the army was a great deal. Then he borrowed Laddow's Purdy shotgun and disappeared, turning back in the ranch three months later with a sack of money he won at competitive trap and chess shots at sporting clubs. The money had gone to buy One Star a new saddle and rifle, bought a microscope, and added a trip to San Francisco. The whole family was shocked with perhaps too much money, but Tristan had his own golden touch. The client in Helena had written that Tristan had been seen in the company of gentlemen at age fifteen and his mother had had a nervous fit and Laddow had given an obligatory lecture that distracted him from his curiosity whether or not the client was attractive. Laddow's son was apparently sent to Helena always attended a few nights spent with a schoolmaster he faithfully had married for a decade. To his old cousin at the Cartmiller's Club he liked to count Teddy Roosevelt's "I like to drink the wine of life with bravery in it" and let fields afterwards, considering as he did all politicians to be born. But now Tristan was beyond his sphere of influence and he knew that there was said chance



of hearing from him, just as they had never heard from his own father. A few years back his father had gone against the Ojibwas and Laddow had accepted the purchase of another ship to which he got well drunk, only in a note—"Dear Son, I trust your family is well. Write the boys over to me sometime. Goodbye your money. You'll get back every cent." And the small amount arrived periodically at his book in Helena from places as varied as Cyprus and Dakar. As his ship departed with story he knew he would have to write Seward, Tristan's betrothed, to get any news. She was a stiff, lovely girl of surpassing intelligence.

Laddow felt late and was embarrassed knowing that Dekker had been ready to hunt for him. He looked out the window and saw how his brown-tinted screens, looking at the lawn gave the effect of sunlight coming down through the leaves of birch trees. They were fine gold, shaped through from Dremore by a friend who came every other year to shoot.

By noon they had about seven acres of redwood grove and both dogs and men were fatigued from the rare late October heat through the northern horizon was dark and they knew that more was possible by reaching in the margins of Montana weather. While raising two young Dekker suggested they buy a thousand calves the next spring because the war would up the price of beef. Also he needed two new handi-jobs to replace Tristan, and Pat had come over near Fort Benton, one being half black, if Laddow didn't mind and they were fine cowboys. Laddow felt he did not want and knew of the two groves and agreed with everything Dekker suggested, wondering why what a half-black One Star would look like. Probably wonderfully ugly he decided in the sun and the ground the ground then resting on the coils. Dekker noticed One Star for the bubble of the hot canyon and knew he would not come until after lunch out of expense. Between there were only two cooking groves. It was One Star who brought Dekker back from Zanman and Laddow took him

on one (though he knew he must be, on the last from some mistaken error). Laddow was puzzled much and ate with relief. He loved that box canyon and intended to be buried near where a small spring seeped from the canyon wall. He had bought the twenty thousand acres—not really very large for a ranch in the area—for a song because of his strong conviction when it was determined that there was nothing of unusual value on the land. There was plenty of water, though, and the ranch could support cattle to a degree that equaled ranches three times its size. Though Laddow limited the number sharply out of a lack of greed and not wanting the perils of too many hands. Also if cattle foraged on the edges the game birds would leave. The dogs scented One Star as he descended the hill and stopped their line frantically. The old Indians took a drink from Dekker's flask and tip 4 on the fire where a fanned upwind. Dekker was always around that One Star spoke with a strong trace of Laddow's English accent.

Late that night water came. And the next day brought an angry, impulsive letter from his wife begging him to use his influence to free Seward from the army. Her sleep was troubled though Alfred had written from Calgary that all was going well. But what in God's name did the boys have to do with defending an England they had never seen and Laddow's own misadventure sense of adventure had pushed them off with as thought of bar feelings. These letters came through the late fall into January with a monotonous hysteria becoming so extreme that Laddow who enjoyed was full of old foreboding, no longer opened the letters. He had skipped a pre-Christmas trip to Helena and short of any impulse of romance he had not brooded except for the few hours each morning he had taken a spot beyond to tracks he had tried to read and write. He sent Dekker off to Helena to buy supplies and provisions and the day after he left, a United States Marshal had stopped, claiming if he might know the



whereabouts of a few Thibaults would far have obviated some years ago in St. Cloud, Minnesota, and rumored to be in this area. Ludlow showed no surprise at the early phase of Decker and replied that the man in fact had passed through three years before on his way to San Francisco to search a host for Australia. The Marshal nodded wearily, ate a big meal and rode off in the gathering dark for Chateau.

Ludlow waited an hour in case the Marshal might be waiting then sent One Star off in Helios to warn Decker to await at town and main roads in his immediate return. Things seemed to be going badly. By dawn Ludlow's mistake he had caught the standing crying himself alone for his hawk, composed in love then feeling weak, heavy and congested. He would have gladly given his ranch to have even one too back.

In Boston Isabel had taken up with an Italian basso profundo. He had on English as their affair was conducted with her first and second Italian. The weekly fly back to a progressive musical chair before the fire, her hand on her breast, and talk about opera, Florence, and the wild romances he hoped to see on his concert trip to San Francisco and Los Angeles. She, in fact, had become bored with him; his brief, vigorous love-making did not suit her for she was far less spiritual than her lover's supposed. She had dreamed unpleasantly of her son Tristan and the singer's head against her breast reminded her how as a boy when he had pronounced she cuddled and read to him in the same position, a dreamer that was faintly recalled in the fall of his twelfth year when she spent to return to Boston for the winter. And now the passionate boy had returned her for her dreamer, answering in the winter that he had prayed daily for her return by Christmas and when the hotel's returned by Christmas he had cured God and had become a madman's headstrong. In the spring when she returned he was cool and so distant that she completed to Ludlow who couldn't get a word out of Tristan on the subject of his mother. Then she changed ideas and when that boy's blood into her room to kiss her forehead the distant Tristan and brought him to temporary hell by an outburst of resistance and weeping, using the usual arsenal of her wiles. He told her that he would love her forever, but he could not believe in God because he had already married him.

**T**he first tentative blow reached the parties radi-  
vally in late January when they received  
word that Alfred, never a very good rider, had  
chattered his horse and incidentally work in a field  
from his horse near Vigors. The prognosis from  
the field hospital, however, was good and they  
could expect him home by May. The major  
from Calgary sent a special note of confidence  
in Ludlow Alfred had been a brilliant young officer and would  
be surely missed. It was unfortunate that Tristan's recklessness  
diminished the effects of his bravery but the major assured he  
would further assure in battle. Samuel had proven spectacularly  
useful and the major feared losing him in a general as he was  
such a golden boy all officers had taken note. Ludlow rode  
through the town to the camp but he understood the danger  
Tristan was facing under army discipline. He felt momentarily  
gaily when he found himself wishing that it was either Samuel or  
Tristan entering in the spring rather than Alfred. In France the  
Canadians were camped between Neuve-Chapelle and Tonn  
Grenet. Still in the early and optimistic stages of the war they were  
considered a bit high-spirited and clumsy by their English counter-  
parts, especially the calm and dashing officers from Sandhurst  
who rather typically saw the war as part of their own brilliant  
military careers. Such Trudeau's reserve had never been limited  
to the Home. But as one looked the Canadians in the matter of  
aggressiveness in battle—if anything, their reserve was welcome.

Tristan was tired with the work of the railroad in his compa-  
ny. Alfred was embarrassed when Tristan visited him in the field  
hospital, swamping and sleepily dressed with outside on his  
boots. Tristan had wrangled a bottle of wine which Alfred had  
collected. One of Alfred's fellow officers came for a visit and

Tristan failed to salute, sitting there drinking the bottle of wine and looking without saying good-bye except to tell Alfred and One Star to take his friends home if he didn't return. Outside the hospital tent, Tristan's companion, a huge French Canadian named Noel, a trapper from British Columbia, stared with dew-drooled eyes in the rain. The news that Semuel and the major were dead had just reached camp. They had been on a reconnaissance up toward Cakes with a group of scouts when they had been hit with musket balls and were killed by another group of men as they wandered numbly in a glade of a chestnut forest. A lone surviving scout had come back with the story and was now being debriefed. Tristan stood there dazed in the rain and tried with his friend embracing him in sorrow. The scout who was with them had approached with an offer of aid. They went to the paddock, and quickly saddled those horses. The officer commanded them to stop and they knuckled his aside as full gallop northward toward Cakes reaching the forest by midnight. They set off and fled through the night and then at dawn in the fine falling snow they went forward in the snow and waded in from the facts of the desert or so dead until Tristan found Semuel, bowed down and belted his very long with his own belt. Semuel's face gray and unmarked but his belly rounded from no use of arms. Tristan detached the belt with a slinking knife and they rode back to camp where Noel melted down muskies and they covered Semuel's heart in paraffin in a small immemorial business for burial back in November. An officer accompanied him northward where he occurred to him he would be arranged to be interred. When they finished, Tristan and Noel drank a liter of brandy from their booty from a farmhouse and Tristan then left the tent and howled goddamn God until Noel subdued him and he slept.

In the morning Tristan awoke and hurriedly refused to converse with Alfred when a messenger came to bring him to the hospital tent. He wore a robe and typed it to the canvas saying "Dear Father, this is all I can send home of our beloved Semuel. My heart is broken in two as yours will be. Alfred will bring it back. You know that place he should be buried up near the spring in the canyon where we found the bones of the full cat can. Your son Tristan."

**T**his Tristan went mad and even as we tell a very few old veterans up in Canada who remember his wife, Noel, because he was captured and returned before it reached full flower. Tristan and Noel first fought new unknown as soldiers and returned for the results on nightly reconnaissance missions. At the end of all these nights seven blood scalps hung in various stages of drying from their tent poles. One French night Noel was fatally wounded and Tristan reached camp at midnight with Noel over theommel of his saddle. He rode past rows of soldiers in his new where he had Noel on his cot and poured brandy down his hollow throat. He sang a Cheyenne medicine song. One Star had a white eagle and a group of men gathered around the tent. Alfred was brought on a stretcher by the commanding officer to reason with Tristan. When they opened the tent flap Tristan had made a necklace of the scalp and had had his slinking knife and rifle across Noel's chest. They put him in a straggler and sent him off to a hospital in Paris where he would make a work.

The doctor who attempted to treat Tristan in Paris was a young Canadian from Bancheon who was given the psychiatric ward considered by default. In his postgraduate studies at the Sorbonne he had deluded a bit in his new review of behavior but was ill prepared for the shell-shocked and hapless victims of war who arrived daily. His rough and adapted French reviews in first led him to believe that the men were merely cowardly, but that odd behavior soon disabused him of that notion. They were traumatized puppets who could find out for their mothers at night or on a weekend into a penitence and uncomfortable silence. The doctor so doubted his ability to keep up their souls that he became

almost bored with his patients and all he could do was to keep them shopped home. This was his location with the arrival of Tristan when the ambulance driver advised him that a true "crazy" was waiting to be subdued. The doctor went around and read the report from Tristan's comrade. He felt himself totally unmoved by the scalps and was surprised at the commander's horror. How could standard gas be considered released warfare and not scalping is reaction to the death of a brother? All the doctors had been engaged on the medical consequences of mustard gas which is fast converted the beginning of truly modern warfare. The doctor had studied the classics at Oxford and felt himself learned on the subject of response. He had Tristan brought to his office, asked the attendant had advised the man from his straggler for which he got a pistol "Thank you" and "May I have a drink." The doctor issued Tristan a uniform and they walked through the Bon de Boulogne to a small cafe where they ate and drank in silence. Finally the doctor said that he was aware of what had happened and there was no need to talk about it. Unfortunately it would take a number of months to present Tristan out of the army and send him home but he would do the best he could to make Tristan's stay pleasant.

**I**t took several weeks for the news to reach Montreal. One afternoon late in February on a day that was cold but sunny and clear after a storm had cleared away. Pet was driven by one of the new buses to Chateau for groceries and to pick up the mail. Ludlow swept the front from a kitchen window and stared at the mere outline of a figure figured to be hovering above the black snowboard shadows of the back. Dasher and One Star sat at the table drinking coffee and arguing about attitude with maps spread before them. One Star was covering the map because he had covered the area from Browning in Minnesota with a Cree band known recently as One Who Seen As A Bird, a man with an uncanny topographical perception of territory. One Star dashed the statue numbers attached to mountains. How high above which of the seven sons Tristan had told him about? What did the numbers mean if there were no one near them? Some large mountains have no character while certain smaller ones are noble and holy places with good springs.

Then One Star released them from the argument by asking Dasher to read to him from the day of the Kaskas by J. H. Parnance who had also published The Men-Sons of the Thaw, both books about adventures hunting and exploring in East Africa by the British colonel. Dasher was bored by the books but Tristan had stored years before and One Star would close his eyes and have with deep satisfaction in his favorite parts, including the lines that would jump on a morning. Before to grab national workers in the, the issue equivalent with one task that passed the horse named Aladdin, and best of all, the rhino that died in great numbers from chasing the new virus that passed through their territory. The latter gave One Star visions of thousands of buffalo chasing the Northern Pacific railroad and dropping over the train. Many years before when he was a student in the second chapters of the Ghost Dance movement, One Who Seen As A Bird told One Star that he had created a new buffalo by throwing a buffalo skull in a willow forest at Yellowstone when Ludlow measured the great wastefield for the government. The trip had been humorous to One Star who looked at the great mass of falling water and peered numbers until the disquieted Ludlow made him be quiet. Tristan had promised to take him one day to the place where he seemed fights the trees.

Pet came in the door stomping the snow from her boots. She handed Ludlow the letter from Alfred and looked away. So did Dasher. Only One Star watched Ludlow open the letter and having the worst possible or probable outcome, he covered the Cheyenne sense of foolishly that what had happened had already happened. You couldn't change it and trying to was like throwing stones at the moon.

Still very much in his late prime, Ludlow grew old overnight. His a small girl taped in and out of anger, and he took to drink.







**T**ristan took the train east to Chicago, spent a few days out of sanity studying the Great Lakes ships at the docks, then went south to New Orleans and over to Mobile where he spent a few days on a schooner owned by a Welshman out of New Bedford and on down through Florida to Key West where he took a night ferry to Havana after watching a load of green turtles being unloaded at a kiosk from a Cayman's schooner, a graceful but filthy ship.

It was his first time at the tropics and on the night passage to Havana he was sleepless, spending the hours pacing the deck and wondering at the most dense heat which the slight breezes of the Gulf Stream did not dissipate, and beneath the heat, where he walked to escape the smell of rot and smoke from the stacks, the waves were phosphorescent. In the first light with Havana in distant view he stepped from the deck watching his first purpose out across the bow, lay back, then hauled across the water, timing he saw the strange vast people perceiving the Gulf Stream enters in the sky. He was red-eyed and tremored from his travel but for the first time in half a year he felt something akin to ease in his soul, as if the dream from before joined the surface as water the currents and burned below. He smiled at the water and the thought of his grandfather's schooner which though relatively new held so small a place in the world of the great insurers anchored off Havana. But it was a matter of less money and going where you wanted, the ports undesirable to the large shipping companies, or boys too disloyal for big drafts and heavy ratings. Besides the old man said he disliked the smell of smoke or the sound of engines at sea and it was too late for him to develop an attitude on the grotesque.

**P**eople finally don't have much affection for questions, especially one so ignorant as the apparent lack of a few ounces of rewards and punishments on earth. The question is not less growing and unpleasant for being so naive, so naive. And not as far concerned with the gender issues, say the New Power children receiving the kind of custody fee in their clapping teeth. Nothing is quite as grotesque as the meeting of a child and a body. And what drives us comprehensions the past in the time involved we had won. We would like to think that the whole sorry universe would crumble in with a momentary recognition of these twisted souls, the atoms of the Southern Cross dropping. Of course not. Incomprehensible to immovable and everyone in his own private manner dashes his bones against the long-suffering position that is so humanly obvious. Even Gods aren't exempt from Death's hail of despair as he stepped rather tentatively into eternity. And he can't seem to go from light to small because everything is the same size. Everyone's skin is no particular and we are so largely inseparable in one another.

Thus Tristan had not more than a third of comprehension of the agony he caused Scammon. On the morning of his departure she took a long walk and became lost. One Seb Board her in nightclub and after that Ludwig asked One Seb to keep an eye on her if she left the yard. Her walking continued for weeks and her father revisited his visions out of disgust when she refused his plan to have the marriage recalled. But Scammon's character owed more to the early nineteenth than the early twentieth century and as an abandoned lover she was unwilling to commiserate with anyone. This resolve was impenetrable and she spent her time either walking with Scammon's beloved and forgotten landladies or sitting in her room reading Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley, dreams from the two years at Radcliffe before her marriage to Tristan. She enjoyed talking to her mother-in-law whose intelligence was so extraordinary as her own as long as the





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As Aguard the powerful Dane closed his eyes as he pulled the trigger, one of the Cubans couldn't stop giggling and the other was stiff and nervous but unresponsive.

A fire and a hell into the Mediterranean posing Adorno, a German destroyer as the early enemy stepped them to rest and leave to be a spill and the gathering clock gave them a clear escape. For safety Aguard thought it was to skirt the Alps and the Taurus coast beyond which port they would supposedly be safe, at least until they reached the Indian Ocean. It proved true though. Tristram was startled and disoriented when they were beached for three days off Libya. Aguard ordered they stopped in Crete at the port of Heraklion to take on fresh water to replace their dwindling supplies. At the wharf an obviously German shipowner studied them nervously and the Mexican offered Tristram to eat the meat's throat.

The crew had not been apprised of the mission but none of them believed the ones in the hold held back. And to Aguard's dismay Tristram disposed totally with the shipboard formalities that separate captives from crew, formalities that he had learned and held against in the army. He ate with the crew, occasionally repaying his lead at the cooking, played cards with them, and began taking games lessons from the reportedly shy and nervous Cuban who called him *colleagues* instead of captives. Neither was the liquor rationed to the one hundred two men a day the liquor stores were left untouched though on one occasion Aguard had been pleased two days out of Filadelfia though, when Tristram announced at dinner that anyone who didn't work out would simply be pushed overboard. But the crew was well and affluent with a high morale partly because they were headed south into the warmer climes they loved.

The shipowner arrived one dawn at Port Said and passed into the Suez Canal unopposed. Only Tristram and Aguard were disturbed by the extreme heat of the Red Sea. The heat was assigned a great deal when they made the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb and entered the soft westerly breezes of the Indian Ocean in the Gulf of Aden. Two weeks later they reached Malindi only to find that the rendezvous had been changed to Mombasa two days' and further south. Tristram had relayed into grief to the point that he secretly wished to assassinate a German captain, but the exchange in Mombasa was pitiful. The British

officer said they were under no immediate further obligation for the partial reward for the danger of the voyage. The officer said he was recommending a decoration at which point Tristram became nervous and walked from the room. After more than a month at the sight of this effusive pompous declared him. Aguard had been to Mombasa before and was spending his spare hours with a French widow as Tristram with the two Indian Cubans and a Mexican in tow took the new train to Nairobi where they spent three days drinking and whoring themselves to exhaustion. Tristram made a deal to take to Singapore a load of ivory, elephant tusks and the blue ivory of rhinoceros horns, thought to be to the Chinese on exhibition. In Nairobi he invited some guests and rather than in dining and dancing parties. On their way back to the port Tristram had his photo taken at a last stop with a dead rhino's head across his lap. He paid a friend, alcoholic English photographer twenty dollars to send the photo to Gus Black, c/o William Ludlow, Chicago, Montana, USA. The message was to read: "Here is a dead one who stopped the train of only for a moment."

**B**ack in Montreal it was autumn again, only a forest year since the boys left for the war. Isabel and Susannah had left for Boston after Susannah was cured from a bout of pneumonia caught on a long cold walk in the rain. That year there was only three days of true Indian summer and one afternoon on the porch Ludlow was talking with a crystal set while Gus Stash and little Isabel gossiped. When the first storm of rain came over the mountain from Cape Cod, they were uncharacteristically startled. The sleeping bird dogs on the porch roared and barked, the rats with his shoulder pet rolled in threat. Ludlow nearly dropped the set which he had spent two days assembling. Then Isabel laughed and clapped, jumping in a circle. Gus Stash looked into a deep brooding stare as Ludlow explained that every thing seemed as new again. With an burst of thought Gus Stash considered the crystal set to be an essentially worthless as the Gossamer.

Susannah spent the winter in Boston at Isabel's Lowrey. Susannah still absented from her parents over the matter of her marriage, the Grand Island to be a good companion and their relationship progressed from the willingness of daughter-in-law, not her sister to close friends. Isabel had decided to take no lovers that year and had instead devoted her energies, other than to the social symphony and opera, to the learning of French and Italian and to the questions of literature and art. She held a dinner for a distant cousin, the poetess Mrs. Long who was somewhat a scandal, given as she was to smoking opium in public. Susannah, whose health had been weak, was delighted with the grand ornate lady who asked for a goblet of brandy after dinner, lighted a cigar and read right, tragic poetry to a shuddering different from the hostess.

Susannah never received the letter from Tristram from Port Said, only a note from the British government that the letter would be held until such time as sensitive matters would not endanger the war effort. This puzzled and grieved her and the nearly contained her father to intervene. But then she received word from her father of a somewhat conspiracy aware. The British Consul in Boston had advised him that Tristram would arrive the Vincent Coast for immediately undergoing a mission of an extremely serious character, the exact nature of which could not be revealed. Susannah's father could not help but mention "damned adventures" when he heard the news though it came out at a Harvard Club luncheon and he was usually congratulated for his very own. Tristram was on his way back from the same ship as J. P. Marquis and Jay Gould, though from a decidedly another pattern. The war in Europe would clearly provide him with his financial help, and he played heavily into cattle and grain from a base of mining and manufacturing. He had no Africa up with an office in Britain, encouraged him to enter politics and to send him weekly reports.



house he washed Isabel growing three spring foals in the daylight. Decker called her Two to avoid confusion with Tristin's mother. Tristin asked her where the halter was and she said the animal disappeared but his children still lived up behind the necked. She took him into the barn and showed him an amiable puppy Looker had bought for her birthday. Though only ten weeks the pup advanced, growling on Tristin and he swept it up gradually calling it until it cowered on his ear. Then he raised at her closely until she faded and looked down.

At dinner Ludlow cursed the lamb continuously, then wrote "tell us tales" on his slate board and passed it to Tristin. Quietly,

and like many men compelled to adventure with no interest in the range of adventure but only a consciousness of the body and spirit, Tristin did not see anything particularly extraordinary about his past seven years. But he had an astonishingly accurate idea of what the table would be like to be talked on for his father the following of the Fileno ring in cyphosol off the Marshall Islands, in accordance he thought while drunk in Seattle that would itself so tightly around the man that it could not be detached until they killed it in a juglet, the beauty of some of the horses he left in care of his crew hands in Cuba, and how some of the engines in Singapore cut dogs, which shocked everyone of the

table except One Stub who asked Tristin about Africa. After dinner he distributed some presents from his saddlebags including a necklace of lion's teeth which he placed around One Stub who set off a few days later on a three day ride to Fort Benton to show the necklace to One Who Feels As A Bird. Tristin impulsively gave a ruby ring meant for his mother to Tristin, placing it on her ring finger and kissing her on the forehead. The table was silent and Pat started to move but Decker called her.

Later that night after everyone had gone to bed Tristin walked far out in the pasture in the moonlight. The snow patches were a ghostly white and far to the west he could see the even whiter

point of the Rockies. He listened to the coyotes howling and shattering in pursuit and occasionally a short howl. Back over the corral he heard the puppy crying and went into the barn and picked it up. He took it to the house and up to his room where he put it on the make-dry slat and built a nest around it with a comforter against the chest of the night. Tristin slept there and the middle of the night when the puppy growled in the moonlight from the window he saw Two standing at the foot of the bed. He reached for her hand and after a while she panted his deep and dreamlike sleep, wound about each other with all limbs tucked at last into the earth.



**T**ristin's life seemed to be moving through time in increments of seven: a and now he was to have seven years of grace, a period so effectively peaceful and golden in his life that he into the future he would turn back to that time. The memory of the bulk of days, a harvest raised slowly so that each page was turned with some eagerness.

No grace in reality, and it was to a greater part the people he loved, but could scarcely comprehend as people when he felt, who let him into light and warmth, but on that first morning he could not turn away from the window after Two stepped back into her nightgown, turned him and left the room. First there was a loud wailing, then a low cry in the pasture which proved to be a Ford flower grazing over the rocks and through mud in great circles with One Stub at the wheel and Ludlow sitting over inside him in his buffalo robe. Decker leaned against the barn in an Irish wool cap being a moving wonder to a crowd of onlookers and watching the same of a Hartford bull as it poked through the slats of the fence. Pat scattering grain to the chickens and a few geese and showing away the pup who chased the chickens. And when he came down for breakfast the wood cookstove was warm and sunlight flowed through the break windows with a view of the valley. Two poured him coffee and he looked over the crockery bowl of burning Roscoe Decker was addressed, to and looked a piece with some pecked snore. Two served him first trout that One Stub had caught at dawn. He stared at her back and the black cherry hair in a single plait as she worked the breakfast dishes. He closed his eyes and the floor faded beneath him for the moment in the sun and he could smell fresh air at northern low tide in the morning. He opened his eyes and asked Two with a smile of the would marry his sons and that avoid scolding the house with nighties. She dried her hands and took her ruby ring from the window and of the was holding a chalice and said pat if he man was of himself, and yes if he were's vine of himself.

There was a grand early October wedding, delayed until then as Isabel could get back from Europe and at Pat's insistence because she feared that Tristin would leave at any when, as idea remote from his thoughts. Tristin spent the summer building a lodge house up at the foot canyon overlooking the spring. A group of Norwegian explorers came from Spokane along with these Indian missionaries from Butte. The lodge was simple in design with one large main room with a kitchen and fireplace at one end, and on the other end a hallway with two bedrooms. There were two wings of these bedrooms apart. Two was embarrassed at the size of the place and One Stub and Ludlow with only in the fever nursing lands for the workers. Ludlow had taken to writing longish, eloquent letters in which Tristin would answer around the fire after dinner.

The fall wedding had passed into memory without the presence of Alfred and Sammah. In fact it was four years before Tristin saw Sammah over a public bar before Christmas dinner. Alfred arrived from time to time when he was in the area accompanying the United States Senate, a contest which he was hardly helped not a little by the coffin and influence of his father-in-law. No one but Two and Pat saw Sammah's grief that Christmas. She was with children and when Tristin's children, Sammah Decker and Isabel Thors, arrived her pillow here to the parlor, she says.

## Part Three: Tristan and Susannah

**I**n Minnesota the Depression came ten years early. On the eastern plains the grain market, gutted in affliction by the war, collapsed totally. There were two years of severe drought. Basics failed and the cattle market inflated as the hunger of soldiers dwelled. Decker parred the stock back to desperate Hardheads, but the sole income of the ranch was the gut of the locomotive stations that Decker held in the throughout areas. The clipping didn't ease the drought or the stardom of the quarter horse but they were expensive cutting horses and close pleasure mounts, pretty-faced and spirited. And they were powerfully fast in the quarter mile and Tristan and Decker moved them to barns in Minnesota, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. With gambling winnings, Tristan bought Laddow a Packard touring car that One Stab drove with dignity and ease still in his hair's north neckline. Men came as far as San Antonio and Kearsarge, Texas, to buy horses for mounts that Decker and Laddow found begging, but which Tristan wanted upon with alacrity.

As the economics of the time grew more questionable Laddow, on Arthur's advice, slowly withdrew his capital from the Halesen Bank and for want of a better idea buried gold beneath a huge stone on Tristan's berth. Tristan with his habitual amnesia missed the touch of self-supporting. He still sent formal notices and remits of money to Susannah and her father for the use of the land they mutually held.

What doomed him again (for there is little to tell of happiness—happiness is only stuff, placed emotionally dormant, a state adopted with a light heart but nagging loveliness) was a visit to Great Falls with Two and the ranch hands to drive a group of full ones to the railroad. It was a pleasant trip, not the less happy because of its almost unique season. It was October and the stock market, whatever that was, had just collapsed. But Tristan had got a small amount of cash for the cattle and they all—Two, Tristan, Decker, the half-black Crow, a Norwegian who came from the property over years before—wayed to celebrate after an arduous but sweet trip. They had the best meal in town with plenty of drinks, but were put off by the fiery and wealth of a neighboring ranch crew that had gotten sick by smuggling liquor in from Canada in defiance of the Volstead Act.

One Stab was coming that day in the Packard to take Two home with her full shopping, so Tristan told the smugglers' leader he would take ten cases of whiskey for his own use and to sell to his neighbors. He told his crew he would split the profits and they were drunk with pleasure thinking of the quick money, ordering even more whiskey to carry in the fragrances of the pickles.

**T**hey made a strange procession filing down a narrow canyon into a valley near Chetoma, the horses not far behind the Packard bogged and slowed in the October rain. Then at the mouth of the canyon near where the road turned north toward Chetoma, the law with two armed men and a Ford coupe blocked the road. They freed vaguely into the air as they had been instructed in Federal offices. And the policeman still in good humor stopped. The Federal officer said they had learned of the shipment and Tristan would have to give up the whiskey. They recognized Tristan and were apologetic saying he would free charges in November in Helena but they must destroy the liquor. Tristan turned from the officer hearing One Stab weep. He walked to the Packard, looked at One Stab's face, then at Two where she sat in the back with the saggies and girth. She sat there as if built of stone with a decorated bullet from the canyon wall sent piercing her forehead like a red dove.

Tristan went back to the truck for a momentary get, then thugged each married officer, putting one of them near death for



months. He drew Two's body from the Postcard and ran with it down the canyon. The procession followed him as he carried her body for miles through the cold rain. He carried her body howling occasionally in a language not known on earth.

**T**hree days later the Marshal came to Ladlow's house saying that Tristan must serve thirty days in the Helena jail because of the severity of the criminal violation of one of the Federal officers. The absence of the sentence was due to Alfred's enormous influence on Montana's politics. But interrupted to say that had! Those not got. Tristan rode out covering a dozen miles until he found his close by up in the woods near the spring. One Stab was singing his Cheyenne death song and she was young in with a voice so loud and plaintive that the remnants of Tristan's heart broke in half. He lifted her slight body to the saddle and carried her home.

It is still signed by old men in the area whether it was alcohol, jail or grief, or simply greed that made Tristan an outlaw, but that is only guess to cause the drink of prisoners and imprisoning in that forty years later. Tristan was still an object of fascination, someone the last of the outlaws, rather than a paragon.

After he lived six year old Three up at the spring singing with One Stab, Tristan was mute for a number of months, except with his children. He was mute in jail refusing all visitors, including Alfred who came to offer his condolences and those of Susanah as a letter. The Helena press covered the meeting under the heading, "Senator Visits Deceased Brother in Jail."

In truth, Alfred was hoping for some solace and intervention from Tristan. He had arrived at the ranch the day after the funeral and only a few hours after the Marshal accompanied Tristan to jail. Ladlow stayed in his room and would not see his eldest son. He went out down into the parlor courtyard, his hair swept he could not talk to Alfred as long as he represented the U.S. Government and its base practices.

Ladlow in fact had thought of Two as a daughter and had loved her as a daughter. Years before he had been daunted to such her to read and write and was commonly in Pete's and Decker's dining trying to spoil her with gifts. It was Ladlow who wrote Decker and told her to bring from Boston the grandest wedding gown possible. Now when he rode out to the prison with One Stab in the flower he felt far more than let twenty five years thinking of another October when he sent the boys off to war and then the beautiful October afternoon seven years before when Tristan and Two had been married in a grove of cottonwoods, the sun glimmering off the white gown against the very colors of his own faded green and yellow sashes. Two deaths in fourteen years of loved ones are not all that uncommon except to the mourner who has lost all sense of common and common and is bowed in the thoughts of things left out and how it might have been.

**A**fter returned to Washington spending a long train trip in sleepless turmoil. As a political issue, Prohibition had been a sensitive discovery to him and had only served to promote the interests of the interest element, all the more evident in the young years of the Volstead Act. His father had always been a hero to him. And he liked to quote the dearest old Irishman in speeches to the Senate, though Ladlow, to be sure, had no such notions of himself. That old man in himself with its "sobriety" or "Reverence" or the law of Prohibition itself, came after the fact in self-congratulatory phrases of history, when the creeps turned toward leading and social order.

But Alfred's problems were more profound than politics and an alcoholic father. Susanah in fact was quite ill, had always been ill in a quiet obsessive manner. And Washington, the social demands of being a Senator's wife exacerbated her problems.

Alfred had bought a country house and a stable out in Maryland where they housed many of his father-in-law's associates. She moved there out of the state with twice weekly visits from a professor of forensic pathology from Johns Hopkins, an old French Jew sworn to secrecy, at a stable with his almost bare a polished stability. In the blindness of his affection, Alfred had refused to admit the severity of the problem. One afternoon years before when they were being driven from Villanova to Nice to take the boat home, Susanah ignored the driver stop and they walked off into a wooded hillside and made love. She had wanted simply happy for weeks though there were numerous fits of weeping. Despite that Alfred thought himself never so gloriously happy, but that Susanah had decided that her particular life, refusing to leave the stateroom for the entire two week trip back to New York. The country place and release from the immediate pressures of Washington seemed to help.

But at the end of the nine years of their marriage there had been

periods of what must be called insanity of varying degrees of severity. The psychiatrist hadn't been recognizing. Though in the past few years Susanah had been his most enduring patient. He had pushed her severely with the rising stable understanding as he did that a person with such animals tended to calm a person, that the horses helped to drive the person away at least temporarily.

The weeks that followed Alfred's return from Montana had been totally hellish. Susanah had reached the promise of her name given where all things on earth had become too vivid to be borne up under. She could not see her's heart through the sky, warts and bones and the moon was only a flow beyond the window, one flower in vases were dead and terrifying and contain paintings from France had to be turned to the wall. She claimed she lacked an imaginary child no matter how hard she tried to prevent one and she used Tristan's refusal to answer her role of confidence as a lever to descend into depression.

**I**n April Alfred came back west, ostensibly to visit his constituency. He bought a large house in Helena, thinking that if Susanah began spending her summers in Montana it might help. Indeed would be there and Tristan and Pet might allow Susanah to help with them and Susanah. As he drove into the muddy yard near Cheyenne his heart, always optimistic, lifted at his place and at the beauty of the ranch.

Tristan and Decker were outside the shed looking toward the paddocks while Ladlow and One Stab watched smoking their pipes. When Alfred got out of his car, Ladlow stopped through the fence and walked far out to the grass in with One Stab following. Tristan, Decker and Alfred watched. Ladlow made his way around the smoking debris as if he intended to walk to the end of the world. Tristan stroked down Alfred's cheeks and Tristan took his arm. Alfred asked for his forgiveness but Tristan was matter of fact and only said, "Forgive you for what you make I don't say."





As the boys sat on a sawhorse and watched Tristin and Alfred walk into the pasture after the morning drive of Ludlow and One Stick. Doctor's own arrow owned a role. Nordic remoteness. (He would chase you, until he was at a cattle auction in Boonville, before he had the opportunity to shoot one of the President's officers on the Boonville in Ludlow road the officer knocked over. He sat on a rock up in the hillside with a 270 on his leg. And shooting out a one and when the men got out of the car he shot him ten times with great satisfaction. The other Federal officer had been translated and one Doctor had to be cordoned with the one.)

Halfway into the pasture Alfred stopped and in a rush of words explained that Tristin must have been shot and relieved of her wound. Tristin nodded in sympathy for his brother. When they reached Ludlow, who was leaning exhausted against a boulder, One Stick walked away out of sight. Tristin took his father's arm and asked him to forgive Alfred who was his son and not the government. Ludlow slumped in a relief and Alfred with hand on waist eyes, looking at Tristin and looking away. He was without his chair so he merely embraced Alfred and began his walk back home.

When Alfred left the next morning he felt very and positive that it was raining. He had been before and they had a fine evening with Tristin's children sitting on Alfred's lap as he told them stories of life in the great state of Oregon. He passed on the way to the man road to his large herd of packhorses and mules now driven by two hands he recognized, the regular One and the large Norwegian carpenter. He wondered why why Tristin wanted so many pack animals.

By early May when it was said that spring had suddenly broke and that any mountain man would be shot and killed, One Who Seen As A Bird came down from Fort Benton and his Tristin, Doctor, the Norwegian and One from Cheyenne up past Valley and Carl back to Canadian in Alberta where they landed fifty packhorses with four cases of whiskey each, cut back down past Shelly and Conrad in Great Falls where Tristin got rid of the whiskey for six thousand dollars. The large profit was due to the fact that the whiskey was first over Canadian border, got was into working-class outfit, a practice of the most secret smuggling. The other factor in the large profit was the warning of such in northern Montana making it a relatively easy area for police. One Who Seen As A Bird made it an instant run though his friend One Stick was said that Tristin had wanted to stay home to take care of Ludlow and the ranch.

Unfortunately, Tristin was not satisfied. Without realizing it he had half hoped to meet some resistance. Then Doctor counseled him to think of his children and the fact that the small population of Montana would lead to his eventual capture. Tristin agreed, though Doctor's quiet anger was such that he only showed his appreciation at the insistence of the few who found for his grandchild. Tristin made one more run in last summer and when they got home One Stick was left with disappointed with the children. One Stick said he would have followed but Ludlow had been of St. Doctor and Tristin rode up to Fort Benton in the fall with the hole in the back seat and brought the and the children home.

Tristin lay off then after visiting the Mission in Vera Cruz to bring the schooner to San Francisco by the following spring. There was money to be made. He had had some work in the summer, bringing his own stock in an appropriate horse for a situation in Montana. He had had her grandmother and he drove for a month and his mother's inevitable health showed during for them and Tristin and Samuel added her in return. No one knew that Samuel's apparent health was based on the most fragile of misconceptions. When Tristin had returned her letter at Alfred's assurance he had drunk overmuch on the first few days he had returned then and despite what had happened they could live with it with grace. The letter was unwittingly cruel because it



somehow gave her hope: the had entered a period again when her world was somehow so easily won, proof that he had seen her days were a sequence of the success of things. Alfred was planning a big dinner and party for all his political and social friends in Montana and the worst matter critically about the proposition was the help of Isabel who was so expert at such matters.

Tristin went down to Helena to see a representative of a Canadian dealer he had met up in Canadian. The man had discussed with Tristin the trouble caused by a group known as the Irish Gang based in Seattle and the apparent struggle they had on the liquor distribution in the Northwest and California. Certain demanding claims in San Francisco were unable to get the situation which their clients preferred. The two men had intensely agreed that Tristin would make a salesman on from Victoria based in San Francisco and Tristin intended on that very day to Helena to make an appointment. He had brought along five more of his A. B. Gang and the man had thought he had decided to attend the party. He had always been regarded by the extremely important friends that Alfred had brought up to the ranch for hunting season. They played cards and drank all night, got up late and with few exceptions the Cross liked their talk and their horses, though he refused to cooperate any longer after a red herring about a grizzly sleeping on a hillside.

Tristin had his meeting then drove around Alfred's estate Victorian mansion until he found the back entrance. He intended to greet his mother, deliver the whiskey, send Samuel home and go back to the ranch. He was suddenly surprised when, all three men deliberately referred to as civil servants wandering around, not to speak of the cold look of his mouth in a jet there when his throat and chest were continuously on the verge of choking him with his memories of Two Men after leaving the whiskey she would spring to her moment on her bare without using the stairs and when she rode the man grilling hand her head would fly out in the back as the nose of a wild animal. But he was just past simple notions of response and perhaps proof had convinced and pointed him to the point that he knew that was so wrong the scene with the world, because now if you could that would not be the woman whose the car had just seen again until he long look who had swung against his legs.

So for this man it was no more than rather helplessly failed that he should walk into his brother's kitchen and find Samuel laughing and talking with Samuel and Tristin. He grunted and sagged his shoulders, then they ran off to his brother another about the hanging of the decoration for the party. Samuel and Tristin sat there in a condition of disbelief to someone that it seemed the kitchen would explode. Samuel half had said and seemed she had become the mother of Samuel and Tristin, but Tristin shook his head and said that his hands were as if he had his shoulders against the wall. He left the table and walked into the pantry. Tristin sat at the table awaiting at the date August last and then she called her name in her soft clear voice. He present his back hand against his face and went to the pantry where she stood, naked with glowing eyes, her hair rolled around her shoulders, her clothes about her feet. He saw the pretty dove and tried to catch her, then gave up without hesitation when she said if he did not make love to her she would hang screaming and scream until she died. They sat in each other's arms, their close touching to the cold fire floor.

Later when Tristin left, Samuel cut off her hair with some sewing scissors and was confined to her room for the duration of the party until a doctor's visit and nurse's care. Early the next morning Samuel was driven north to Helena with the doctor, Isabel, Peter and the children. They drove in two cars and Alfred was distraught but lived, slowly unconvincing. When they arrived Tristin took the children up to a hunting cabin he had built in some dense woods into the mountains for a few days.

But when he returned Samuel was excited and joyful again and everyone was relieved and a first left a few days to return to Helena to take care of his political business. Tristin was only a week away from leaving for San Francisco to meet the Mexican and the schooner. He would keep the cross this, taking the Cross and the Norwegian because he trusted them.

I was now early in September, and a brief cold spell had arrived and left within two days, opening the foothills with snow that had melted off the slopes by midmorning. Tristin sat alone in the lodge after One Stick and Ludlow had packed up the children to make their drive to have lunch with Isabel. He brooded over the wedding day in the fireplace thinking bitterly of his betrayal of his back to her, as matter the circumstances. He placed on a shelf of home on Samuel's recognition that she was undoubtedly too conscious of the fact that she was the wife of a man who had been shot over the confusion and pain he had caused on earth. He poured a glass of whiskey, and began packing for San Francisco early, knowing that it would be best to be from Samuel at the old camp again.

Tristin quickly packed, noting to tell Doctor when he did his meeting about the next evening. But when he got back to the man room Samuel was sitting on the couch before the fire. He called her name but she didn't answer. He walked to the couch and looked at the fire and down at her short hair-dressed hair and smiling. She spoke low and clearly, making his footsteps for what he had heard. She looked at him and the hand, the hand, but so terribly and knew at one time he had loved her and it wasn't far to the broke down just to be with him now once on earth. She was small and a useless person to everyone so when they had settled down and the Alfred returned and the would have been the same. Tristin said that he was not so self-righteous, only that she could no longer bear the phase of intimacy and his silence.

When she stopped Tristin tried to gather close for a few minutes, with his less willing in power. He ended his words with thoughts, feeling his heart beat and talk further from reality. He said that she should not tell him what he was so sad and worried and complex that one day they might be together again. He would at least return at a year and they would see each other again when their spirits and minds had cleared and they could talk calmly.

He left, and the first hope again, and held his in that small her life close. She had more hope than when he had left so many years before because she thought the knew how desperately he wanted to be with her. Her health took an abrupt upward turn when they got back to Washington. Alfred and the packhorses were delayed by her behavior for the next six months and had hopes in children and life to her own.

In San Francisco Tristin, the Cross and Norwegian quickly made contact with the Mexican, brooded the schooner and left under cover of darkness. On the advice of the dealer's representative, the Mexican had given the impression on the dock that the schooner was headed for his country. He was not. They were there in cold stormy weather north up the coast and reached the sister man Chink Pat on Vancouver Island in a week of hard sailing. They landed in the dark and then they headed back toward the mountains to follow his past north of San Francisco.

Then back held in Helena and the astounding and full payment were uneventful. Tristin and the Mexican were driven down to San Francisco by a man who was helping to arrange the next shipment to be paid for by a group of restaurant owners. After a meeting in an apartment above a speakeasy on North Beach the man drove them back toward Chicago. They were met by an arrival at a hotel restaurant for a quick meal. The Mexican was nervous thinking he recognized a dirty Maf from earlier in the afternoon. When they got out of the parking lot four men quickly surrounded them and beat Tristin and the Mexican senseless with Madgicks and charged them back in their car.

evering the throat of the other man. Before the beating the most elegant of the athletes and they best kept away from the liquor business on the coast. Truian remembered his gray suit and sinking eyes, his Irish brogue, when he woke in the car after midnight. Truian revived the Mexican and they dragged the men with the neck throat out of the car, drove back to the speakeasy and asked if the deal was still on. It was.

**W**hen they returned to California from Ciudad, this time to Truian Bay near Point Reyes, they were ready when at dawn a launch approached their anchorage. There in the launch did not know that Truian had already asked a few miles farther up the coast. At the launch drew near the schooner Truian and the Mexican boy under wet canvas watching, with the Newspaper and Cere down below ready for a second wave of attack if necessary. The launch asked the men who with a short burst of machine gun fire before Truian and the Mexican opened up savagely with the elephant gun and a .375. He recognized two of the men that had lost him and they were lost with the five hundred green shells designed for the largest waiting assault on earth blowing them in shattered pieces out of the launch. The Mexican worked on the switches of the launch, then jerked the heads of the remaining two men as they dog paddled in the incoming tide.

**T**hey sailed north for Escondido then, with Truian recognizing that though he had won the battle he could not win the war. He spent a winter of utter desolation and the Mexican returned to Vera Cruz, his wallet full but knowing the game was over. After a month Truian had sent the Cere and Newspaper home to the beach with a long letter to his children and the message to Ludlow and Decker that he would return home after visiting Alfred and Susannah during the racing season at Saratoga. He lived in old Mexican fishermen and his wife to take care of the boat and cook for him. He drank and thought of Susannah and what he might possibly tell her in June when there was nothing to tell her. He began to miss his children and allowed the fishermen and his wife to move their three grandchildren on board when their mother abandoned them. He spent his days drinking and talking with head loss with the old ones in a small room powered by sail. Early in May he came not so much to his senses but to the realization of how much he missed his children so he left the schooner in the care of the old couple and traveled north. He had not an inkling of how he might urge Susannah to forget life, but he would go home before traveling out to Saratoga.

Truian had not more than a few hours of ease in the Mexican home when he reached the ranch. Everyone seemed fine after a brief winter though it was obvious that Ludlow was feeling somewhat and Isabel had come by mid-May with that thought in mind. Then at dinner Decker mentioned that two old friends of Truian, Irishmen from California, had stopped by the day before but unfortunately he had told the friends that Truian was already headed for Saratoga. Truian felt a doubly cold flow up his spine, also anger knowing that all those he loved had been in grave danger.

By dawn the next morning Decker and Cere had driven him to the main station at Great Falls. Decker was fearful and wanted to come along but Truian said no that he must walk the track. Before they left late in the evening the Cere and Newspaper had been removed on the porch and cold to about straggles on sight. Truian got on the train in an old suit of Sonnet's (the owner's) money and a satchel full of money and underwear, a Bentley pistol owned by his grandfather and Cere's skinning knife.



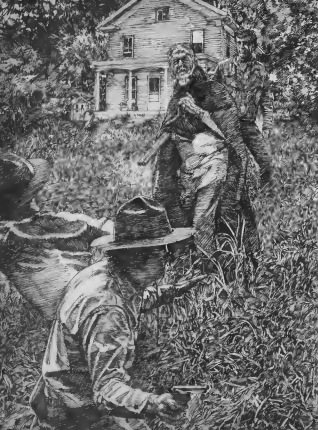
When Truian reached New York he hastily bought clothes and a car and drove north at top speed to Saratoga Springs. The racing season was in full tilt despite the Depression and he couldn't find accommodations, so he settled on a tourist cabin near Glen Falls. He shaved his mustache and the next morning he brought seven children from a grove and changed them under the stands with the roar of the crowd above him. Between the men he carried a pail of water and a weary cough and watched the stately parade of horses on the moved grass behind the grandstand on show for the next race. He studied the crowd closely and picked out Alfred and his father-in-law, Susannah under guard, standing with a group of fashionable horse men, perhaps a sprinkling of Wagners, Vanderbils, Gosses and Widemans then he spotted what must be one of the Irishmen standing near an ornate flower bed, easily dressed but still somehow stolid. Truian walked to the paddock near the barn, passing a large flock of turkeys in a porch. When he passed he recognized the voice of the third man who had been with him on North Beach. Truian did not turn but walked into the stable where he was told to keep busy cleaning stalls. Thus the man came into the barn and looked around diffidently. He walked into an empty stall to pass. Truian followed and watched his head in the wall catching his head with two top of a heavy manure fork. Truian bowed low under wire and manure in the corner of the stable and went back to the grandstand toilet and changed his clothes. He located the second Irishman and followed him to a tourist house after the race had looked around for his companion until the racing grounds were nearly deserted. Truian followed the man late in the evening for want of an opportunity and the man walked home from dinner and drinks. On a shady side street near the tourist house, Truian broke his neck, emptied a garbage barrel and stuffed the man into it, gently replacing the lid.

**T**he next morning after a sound sleep helped along with whiskey, he drove back to Saratoga wearing an expensive suit bought in New York. He hoped to update Susannah for a little while and somehow assure her of his love enough to know her all. His chance came after lunch when she stood alone staring at a big window forever in the first race. He stood beside her until she noticed him but she showed no surprise, saying only that she knew he would come.

They quickly walked away from the racing grounds in a house a few blocks from her father's kept for the racing season. Truian was nervous but the fact that it would be at least an hour or more before she was missed. Unfortunately, Alfred had assigned one of his Secret Service to keep a continuous eye on Susannah because of her marital problems. After the date watched Susannah enter the house with a suitcase was pushed back to the track to notify Alfred.

Susannah led Truian to the master bedroom to avoid any intrusion by the maids. At first she was cool and demurring, asking that Truian meet her in Paris by the middle of October. He refused, saying that the time was not yet appropriate. She became hysterical and she offered the following spring as a compromise beyond which she could not go. Then there was a long, unbearably painful silence at the end of which he recognized again the signs of her impending madness. He forestalled it by drawing her to him and assuring her that by the following May he would be ready. She dissolved in his arms as he laid over her shoulder Alfred walked into the room. Susannah felt Truian's hands tighten on her back and heard the door click. She guessed what had happened and her heart glimmered thinking that at last it was all over and she could go with Truian.

They were still in marble figures in a garden, hearing their own laughter and the distant voices of the race grounds. Alfred said only to Truian "I want to talk you," and Truian released himself from Susannah and handed Alfred his pistol. Alfred waved it of the pistol then pressed the muzzle to Truian's temple. They looked at each other and Susannah came to them as if sleepwalking.



Alfred turned the pistol to his own head and Truett looked aghast from his hand. Alfred slumped to the floor weeping and Susannah stooped beside him and with cool and detached words said that it was a terrible misunderstanding, that she would say such lies always. Alfred stood then and he and Truett exchanged a strange look that went beyond any comprehension they might have been able to voice, but Alfred's look held not a hint that Susannah followed Truett into the hall, kissed him and laughed, saying perhaps they would meet one day in hell or perhaps heaven, whenever people go if they went anywhere.

On the trip home Truett stayed dazed by his thought and liquor, laughing once in Chicago when he changed trains and saw on the newspaper that the Volstead Act had been repealed. Prohibition ended. Back home he worried hard with the letters around his children and battled with One Snake who averted the false and warning apology of the aged who refused to accept age.

Near the end of September Truett received a telegram from Asheville, North Carolina from Alfred saying, "You have won her. I am sending her home." The note in Chicago and checked the wires before by phone, and found out definitely that it was the address of a prison asylum. He borrowed a Ford truck and drove over to Umatilla Falls to meet the train, a little puzzled but somehow imagining that he would spend the rest of his so-called life caring for Susannah, though he remembered that she might get finally well in the truck. He was in the truck looking cold in his stomach but disapproving it. A politician friend of Alfred's approached Truett, led him to the luggage car, handed him a list of burial instructions as the porter extended the highly polished rosewood coffin.

Truett's life rose to tell Susannah was buried next to Samuel and Tive. And the matter, if he or she were a naïve believer, might threaten God himself, saying leave him alone or some such fervidity. No one has figured out how accidental is the marriage of blasphemy and fate. Only a rather old-fashioned theologist might speculate on Truett denoting God to many years before in France when he and Noel crossed Susannah's heart in the penitence. The contemporary young women such crimes presently accept as wayward, owning all the design of water in the deepest and farthest reaches of the Pacific.

On warm Sunday morning in mid-October, a few weeks after the burial, Samuel and Tive were playing on the porch swing with their ponies nudged and tethered to the railing. Isabel had brought her little squaw to Ludlow who wasn't feeling well. She was resting on her from Midville's *Pierre* or *The Americanist*. Ludlow loved Melville but Isabel found the author tiresome.

In the kitchen Pat packed lunches for Truett and the children's eating. She listened carefully to the talk of Ducker and Truett. They were trying to speculate themselves out of an impossible enclosure. The fact that the Snake was very well aware out of single repentance. Truett stretched and waited over to Pat and asked her opinion. She said that they all saved more about the children and that the only important thing to her was that they were safe. There came in and rapped at her father's room. Truett looked her and said he more anxious and she came through the parlor with up to her mother to Samuel.

Ducker suggested Cuba where Truett had a week when he had bought years before, now managed by his two Cuban crew members who had shipped up two good mares the previous spring for breeding. Truett worried about the children's schooling and Ducker said that father's life was more important than schooling. Pat went up, first hearing the car, but Samuel called out that the jokes were here and she relaxed. Ducker

followed Truett onto the porch and passed with his grandchildren as Truett approached the two troopers standing by the Ford coupe.

Truett was careful not almost bend as he nodded to the troopers but then his heart jumped against his ribs when he saw that one was actually the elegant lieutenant from San Francisco, and the other a thug looking vaguely as a uniform. They studied each other for a moment.

"I've lost my two brothers. We best settle this," the man said. Truett glanced back at the porch where Ducker stood next to Samuel and Tive and One Snake. He knew he had come to the end and his heart ached for his children standing in the sunlight on the porch.

"Would you mind if I went with you, I don't want the children to see?" Truett said.

The lieutenant nodded but then was started at Ludlow trotting across the dry brown grass barefoot in a sphynx with the big white robe wrapped around him. Truett said jokingly that this was his father but Ludlow shook his white head bobbing but did not speak which he had written "what is the meaning of this?"

The lieutenant began a quiet speech with an apology saying that he was sorry but Truett must pay his debt to society by a long term in prison. Ludlow shook his body saying as if he were a hawk resting in a tree. He lifted the Pacific twelve gauge shotgun along his leg up to the jarring in the ribs and then the two lieutenants went away.



## Epilogue

That October morning was the end of Truett's story for our purposes. In the stained afternoon Ludlow collapsed but revived by dinner. Truett entrusted his children to whom Pat later explained that the evil men had come to murder their father. Isabel was quietly hysterical. Ducker, the Cox and Varnough buried the bodies and that night the Cox dumped the car in a deep pool in the upper Missouri. But it was One Snake who went away before the full echo of the shots had faded. He denied and sang around the bodies, his body swollen and protesting and his men crowding then he staggered and held the flailing Ludlow in his arms. Truett knew it was not Ludlow's life, One Snake in the wilderness might have taken scalp.

Truett took the children down to Cuba on the schooner and left only twenty three years later during the beginning of the revolution for a ranch owned by Tive and her husband outside of Madrid in Alberta. If you are traveling near Chicago, and drive down Randolph Road in the north, now owned by Alfred's son by his second marriage, you won't get permission to enter. It's a modern efficient operation but look there in the canyon there are graves that were something to a few people left on earth. Samuel, Two Susannah and a little son, Ludlow between his first family. One Snake and Isabel and a small distance away Ducker and Pat. Always alone apart, somehow solitary, Truett is buried up in Alberta. —

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## Say It Ain't So, David Susskind

The personal narrative of an ex-bush-league ballplayer who wrote a book, got sued for \$1,750,000 by David Susskind, and discovered some outrageous truths about the law, the television industry, and himself

by Eliot Asinof

It all began with the ringing of my doorbell on a warm, humid afternoon in June 1978. Though I suspect no one, I sat not one to peer cautiously through the peephole or use the protective chain. Opening for the pleasure of surprise, I flung open the door with a welcoming smile—only to face a process server who thrusts a set of legal papers into my hands.

It is a complaint, filed with the Supreme Court of the State of New York, by Talent Associates Ltd., the producing company of David Susskind, bringing suit against me for an incredible \$1,750,000.

At those prices, I cannot help but burst out laughing. The way I read it, the charges against me are so preposterous, it is not Susskind who should be suing me but I who should be suing Susskind.

Said complaint, I know, I can see a massive lawsuit over me, for there is nothing in my experience to prepare me for what I have to face. I sense that it won't take a headache between David and me that has somehow gotten out of hand; it is the sort of crisis that can run up a man's life. No, not a fluke, I am in it because I could not help but be in it, however crazy it might seem.

It all began a year and a half before in the winter of 1975, when David phoned "Eliot, I want to buy Right Arm Gun for a television special."

Right Arm Gun was my book about the famous Black Sox scandal of 1919, wherein eight members of the Chicago White Sox conspired with gamblers to throw the world series. Though the book had been around for thirteen years, it was suddenly coming into its time. With its literary sensibility and corruption, its emphasis on betrayal and hypocritical events, the scandal was an historical replica of the more recent trouble that began in Watergate.

Suddenly, I felt, was the best producer in town. Almost from the inception of television itself, he had dominated the New York scene with his brilliant combinations of talent and creativity, putting on the air the best shows of material at a time when others pandered to the demands for taste.

I was, then, pleased to be in his office that afternoon. "I'm finally going to make this picture!" he viewed referring to

our joint effort to make this very same special book in 1968 a show that was canceled as a result of pressure by Ford Frick, then commissioner of baseball.

"There are problems, David," I replied, for I had already sold an option on the book that still had three months to run. However, the same wasn't all bad, I explained, for they were an inexperienced group and I doubted their ability to get a feature film off the ground. My feeling was that they would be available in selling back the rights.

David was encouraged by this. "That sort of show is saved only for idiots," he said, and promised me \$25,000 if I could make the deal.

As it turned out, I failed. The opponents had a newly written screenplay and dozens of glorious prospects in Hollywood. They had paid for the rights to try, and there was nothing more I could do.

I told David that he would have to wait until the expiration date on the following May.

It was, then, something of a shock when eight or nine months later, a writer friend called me from Los Angeles.

"I see that Susskind is finally doing your book," he said.

"Who?"

He read me the announcement in *Daily Variety*: "Talent Associates, in production on *Say It Ain't So, Joe*," the famous quote from the Black Sox scandal, when a young boy confronted the great Shoeless Joe Jackson after he had confessed to throwing the series.

"But he can't do that," I cried out. "He doesn't own the rights!"

"Too bad," my friend said. "Famous last words."

As quietly as I hang up, I dialed the Talent Associates number, but David was "busy in a meeting." He did not call back that afternoon or the following day. I tried again, and again he was too busy to speak to me. On the day after, I was told he was out of the office. After a week, I finally got the message, especially since it was much the same with his associate, Sam Gilbert.

Naturally, I did not shudder the possibility that the announcement was merely a statement of prospects. Bookings, like other productions, made long-range projections. It could be that the *Perry* piece was merely his way of delaying his return, to make out his claim, as it were, presently to return off my commission.

I finally learned the truth through a phone call to his producer, Diana Karen, whom I reached at home, not willing to pay for it.

my embarrassment at work.

"Yes, it's an secret," Eliot explained. "We have a script by Sidney and David Carroll, all taken from their own research."

"Well, you know how we tried to get the rights to your book," she went on. "We simply had to go to the public domain. I'm sorry, Eliot, but what else could we do?"

It was simple enough, but terribly depressing: I was fully aware that the Black Sox Scandal was history. But I was also aware that it was I who'd put in over two years and 30,000 miles to chase down the story, that the book had been researched to the definitive work on the subject, and that it had to be the impetus for whatever deal Sinclair had made. Could David disregard all that because it became someone else's to do?

The measure of my indignation was a visit to my lawyer. "Unless Sinclair has taken the actual structure of your book," he advised me, "it takes you ten years to get his work material that is in your book and nowhere else, but has a perfect right to go ahead with what he can learn from the public domain."

"But it turns my book into a dead property," I argued. "Surely, we must have some recourse."

"Take my advice, Eli. Forget it."

The trouble with lawyers is their extremely limited options. They will either sue, write a letter, or tell you to forget it.

But how could I explain to a lawyer that it wasn't just a question of legal rights or money or even that it was the last piece of work I'd done? The trouble was, I couldn't possibly forget it, for the book had a very special meaning for me, the very reason why I had taken it on in the first place. The name of the game was history.

Blackball had been the epicenter of my youth. At first merely, it was no more than seven years old when I had a lightning bolt over the center fielder's head for a game-winning home run. It was a drive that changed everything. I would never forget the feel of the power. Eli generated, the exquisite sight of his flight, the exhilaration of catching the ball. In adolescence, I found closest friends, and we studied the game with a religious fervor. Like Ty Cobb, I would be a superstar on my sports around the infield and, pursuing baseball to it far as long as I could find someone to pitch to me. I built a sliding pit behind the pitcher and learned to slide on both ends. Above all, we studied history, a bunch of fourteen-year-old kids already conscious of the dangers of overcrowding, crowded cities, and the effects of the war. I was a fan of the Philadelphia Phillies. I was a fan. For all the long night bus rides, bad food, stinky hotels, pure history. I was playing ball, and nothing else mattered. I was all in the backwoods when it ended, but it was something but a loss. Because of baseball, I had developed enough confidence to dare to do anything, even to take a job as a writer. My first published story was about an old pro's desperate struggle to hang on.

"Forget it," the lawyer had said. Could you say that to a man who had just been emboldened by his first serious legal building and I could no longer write my own story? I was up and in writing. So I was that I was now left to wrestle with Sinclair's power play aimed only with a talented lawyer. I didn't need any more advice, I needed an action. I had to make some sort of move, it didn't matter how far-fetched it was even prepared to fail on my face. The last I could come up with was a foolish notion to contact NBC, the network with whom Sinclair had been dealing on the project, not knowing what I would say to whom.

Barreilly, I got lucky. Guy connected me to another, and after a few calls, I was talking to vice-president of second programming, Ed Storch.

"Yes, hello, Eliot," he greeted me with surprising warmth. "Excuse me, I must be the only one who knows anything about the Black Sox Scandal project. He replied that he did. In fact, he was in charge of it."

It was all I needed to set me off. I poured out the whole story, right from the beginning, the threat of which was simple enough. Sinclair had wanted to buy the rights to my book, but since I did

**"Eliot, I want to buy your book for a TV special. I will pay you \$25,000 for the rights."**



David Sinclair wanted to dramatize the Black Sox Scandal.

not own them to sell, he had apparently gone ahead without them.

I had no notion of what to expect in response, perhaps nothing more than a polite and sympathetic hearing.

"Eliot, I don't know what to say. A year ago, David came in here with your book. We all knew how wonderful it was. He had wanted to make a television film about it, a dramatization based on it, hopefully to get it on for world series time. The project was approved, and I had a check sent to Talent Associates to get it rolling. I was never told that you weren't involved. I would have been rising indignantly."

He said he was glad that I had called. "The important thing here is to have the best possible script," he said, "and that certainly means working with you. I'm going to call David and get that straightened out."

I hung to the phone and danced like a blind receiver who had just caught a pass in the end zone. The momentary was chilling at last.

Less than an hour later, Sinclair finally called. He was very friendly and relaxed about the whole thing, as if there were really no problems at all.

"We made a deal. Eliot. Even if we can't get your book, I intend to go through with it. Twenty-five thousand, won't it?"

There was more to the problem now, however: More than getting paid. To put it mildly, I didn't like the feel of the whole project. I wanted to know exactly what was going on.

And, show all, I wanted to see the script.

David replied that Sidney Carroll was one of the finest writers in the East and that he'd done a remarkable job in spite of the limitations.

He didn't send the script to me. And when I called a few days later, again he became unreluctant. And again, I had to call Burke.

"I thought everything had been worked out with David," he said.

It was so far from the truth, I was embarrassed. Here was a network executive doing business with a leading television producer, not, to put it mildly, serious miscommunications were dominating the dialogue.

**"David, there are problems. The book is optioned, and the rights aren't mine to sell."**



Eliot Averbach had written the definitive book on the subject.

"Nothing has been accomplished, David. I still haven't seen the script."

He seemed genuinely distressed at that. I could hear him telling his secretary to get a messenger to deliver it immediately.

"I want to know what you think. Eliot. I'm leaving for Los Angeles, I'll be there all weekend. Call me before at the Hotel Bel Air, will you?"

Hardly an hour later, the script arrived. Then, incredibly, a handwritten document from Talent Associates arrived on its heels, a letter of agreement dated April 1, 1934 (the preceding day) wherein I was... hereby sell license, assign and grant to one all rights of every kind and nature (except publication) in and to the book [Eliot Averbach] in my and all media, throughout the United States, in perpetuity.

I was sick. A week ago, I couldn't even get them on the phone. Now, I was being offered \$25,000 for the rights to a book I did not yet own in order to produce a television show not based on it.

Finally, then, I set down to read the script.

Admittedly, few could seriously question my capacity to judge it objectively. On the one hand, I had been argued by Sinclair's manipulations. On the other, there was that \$25,000 payoff agreement to mitigate my paychecks, for the more I liked the script, the closer I would be to making the money.

When I read, however, my feelings rose like surfacing. Not mainly because of inaccuracies but outright distortion. I was thoroughly aware of the need for taking dramatic license with facts, but how could anyone justify the making of an innocent victim of the scandal (Black Waverly) with actual complicity? Or the conception of the world as it really was by "the wrong press?"

In my mind, I was terribly depressed. The entire story had been revealed, its perils were turned into melodrama, its incredibly dramatic happenings attributed. I read like a tired reader of a story picked up from a beachhead.

When I called Storch, however, I knew it would serve no purpose to beat the script with a baseball bat. It was correct, all right, but I was concerned that the distortions and factual errors could be corrected. Reluctant, he said he would arrange a

meeting on his terms.

And so, on the morning of April 6, the meeting was held in Sinclair's office at NBC. Present were Fred Branger and Thom Kenne, two of Sinclair's producers at Talent Associates; Delbert Mann, a seasoned director of film and television drama who had been assigned to the project; and myself. Sinclair was busy on vacation.

Storch, whom I met for the first time, was a distinguished executive in middle years, well-tailored, well-spoken, with a friendly manner that belied the fanatic nature of his occupation. But when he reviewed what had brought us all together, he was not without skepticism. And after considerable discussion, he ended the meeting as much the same man. He said that NBC was definitely interested in going ahead with the project but was IBM, as possible, but he insisted that it be considered for all necessary reasons. "The script can only be approved," he said, "and that's what we're all showing for."

I could not see how anyone could possibly object.

On his return from vacation, David did. He, too, reviewed the matter, but from a totally different angle.

"What have I done wrong?" he asked me. He had tried to get the rights to my book; I had tried to get them, so he had been forced to go to the public domain; he'd put a line on copyright on it, the script had been acceptable to both NBC and IBM.

"David," I said, "at the meeting, Ed Storch said there were to be no objections."

He seemed not to hear me. He kept repeating that he was going ahead with the production whether I signed the agreement or not and that under no circumstances could I have script approval. I began to see that if the meeting at Storch's office had never happened, I might never have known much more. David had in the overall scheme. Could he get a go-ahead without complying with Storch's requests?

The answer came from Storch himself. "Let's face it, Eliot. If IBM wants to sponsor this show—and there's no question but that they are interested—David doesn't need NBC. Any network would want it with a sponsor like IBM."

Meaning, no doubt, that NBC would no.

"So he's paying me twenty-five thousand dollars for my silence?"

"So it seems," said Storch.

I sent to my lawyer, having already sent him the letter of agreement, but from Talent Associates, covering the possibility that I would sign it.

"How does all this look to you?" I asked after bringing him up to date.

"Take the money," he said, pulling out the letter for my signature.

"But I don't have any money!" I mean, isn't there some way I could force Sinclair to work this thing out?

"You know something? You're crazy," he said. "It's just a loose television show. Piff, on your side and it's gone."

"It doesn't have to be successful?"

"Take the money."

"I'll think about it," I said, leaving the signed paper on his desk.

I had lunch with another friend, Walter Bernstein, a talented screenwriter and screenwriter who had been another, somewhat highly successful director for Sinclair during the trouble-free 1930s when he was one of the elite who would have been.

We went back a long way together. In 1931, I was a complete television writer while Walter was already an old pro. He had been encouraging and instructive when I needed guidance. I was the better writer for it. And when he was blacklisted, I agreed to write for him—after which, he was blacklisted myself. (Years later, Walter would write the story and screenplay for *The Front*, the film on blacklisting in which Woody Allen starred.)

I explained the circumstances to him now, pouring it all out with the fury of an innocent man about to go to the gallows. When he challenged me, however, I saved my own confusion. No such energy had been expended in publicity and legal action and legal recourse. I was beginning to lose contact with the essence of

## Baseball had a pure memory for me, a special meaning, and I hated to see it abused.

my activities.

"It seems to me," he said, "you're moving yourself out of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"I don't want to let that get away with that script."

He shook his head in protest.

"What's the big deal? It's not yours, is it?"

"No, it's not yours," he said again.

"Take the money," he said. "Your position is clear. No one will condemn you for taking the money."

Take the money—take the money. The man was now at the end of the entertainment business. An eleven-month commitment, at its worst, the big stipend that resolved all problems. No ever-blurred memory of taking the money.

I had to laugh, it was all so ludicrous. Nobody really cared. Make the deal, make the show, make the money—then make your choices with whatever others might think of it, it didn't matter much anyway.

Water closed the deal. "There are some pretty decent shows, and you know it."

"I chided, but this wasn't one of them."

"So you'll write an article exposing how it all came about. You'll have delivered your message and be twenty-five thousand dollars richer in the process. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," I said.

"No."

"So, I agree."

"What? You're going to take the money?" He seemed amazed.

"Of course," I laughed. "I'm not crazy."

I walked home with a feeling of heavy resignation, preparing for my acquiescent phone call to be refused. I would tell him okay, I'd sign the agreement. I would take the money without cause. By God, it could even say that I wanted it.

In my apartment, I went straight up to the telephone to make the call. I'd already picked up the phone when I saw the light red light on my answering machine, a reminder to play back my messages recorded during my absence. I returned the phone to its cradle and pulled the necessary buttons to hear.

One of the messages was a blast: "Mr. Asinof, my name is Robert Jagoda from IBM. I'm associated with media up here at Asinof, and we have the script on the Black Sea incident. There are a few questions about its accuracy, and I'd appreciate your calling me about this."

It was a stopgap, all right.

On the following day, I visited the IBM offices, where I found myself greeted by the trappings of power, by the respectable \$16 billion a year in computers and typewriters, the eighth-largest corporation in America, that it was here that I found a sympathetic audience. Bob Jagoda had loved my book when he'd first read it years before, then again recently in connection with this production. He also loved baseball and knew what it meant to American culture. He sincerely challenged the authenticity of the script by Sidney Carroll, especially one about Weiner's involvement in the scandal, pointing the words of other Chicagoans at this slander of their beloved hero. I gained the impression that he was, in effect, challenging me on its contents as though I were responsible, and I realized I had no alternative but to tell him the whole story, just as I did in a 1983 article.

His sentiment for him, Chuck Francis, director of advertising at IBM, and I repeated the story again to him.

"Why haven't you signed the agreement?" Francis asked me.

"I've answered about the script," Mr. Francis. "I'd like to think we could do a better show than this."

He eyed me skeptically for an instant. "I don't understand,

Elliot. How're you going to take the money?"

He seemed to scrutinize me for a moment. "I did not know how to respond. He continued to regard me strangely, shrewdly, insightfully. I could hardly blame him for that. I'd had enough trouble dealing with this problem with my own friends not to give the executive from IBM the right to doubt me. Chuck Francis was a man whose responsibility was to get shown on the air. He dealt with million-dollar budgets, was in constant with the highest levels of network executives and production companies. Surely, he would make a practice of dealing with ever-wrought scenes covered with vague historical distortions.

"Mr. Francis, let me put it this way. For eight or nine years, I wrote a lot of junky newspaper and telegraph that are best forgotten. Writers, copy and editors, advertising agencies, that sort of thing. I quit all that to write history. Right after that was the turning point, it was a big thing for me to leave alone. When I turned out so well, I was proud of it. For the first time, I felt as though I could become a real writer."

I told him how baseball had a special meaning for me, that it represented the career of someone, that I heard to sit at a stand.

"Those bleepers at the book—I just saw some of them, they were fresh and bold. I suppose I said some about the way they felt. I know, they're all big ones, dead, but the way I see it, I love them something. The script doesn't portray them accurately, and I can't get with that. I mean, this isn't just another party for television. It's a piece of history. I suppose to say that it doesn't really matter? Everybody tells me I'm making too much of this. They say, take the money and run. Well, I'm just glad when to do. That's why I came up here. I want to know if we can't say 'No' just this once. Maybe, let's stop. Let's do a right or not at all."

Finally, I came to a halt. Somewhere, in the orbit of all this telephone business, I'd saved my life but too late to control the momentum. I felt stupid, the story by for attempting to explain with a fragile moral stance in front of corporate stragglers.

Their response, however, could not have been more stinging. They, too, felt strongly about baseball and had no stomach for television. It was a piece of history, they fully appreciated my determination to get it right. "I'd like to see a first-class film," Chuck Francis said. "We'll do everything we can to back your efforts. We're not creative people in this business, we don't produce films, that's Sinatra's job. But it seems to me that this project would not be right without you. So let's see what we all can do. It makes it come out right."

Stunned was I because when I told him what had happened since the balance of power had shifted in the process, I could hardly blame him. He even accused me of making the visit to Asinof, "travesty as you did with HBO." By now, he was ready to believe me capable of any act and to invest in himself him.

It was what I didn't want the fight any more that he did. I supposed he hadn't considered me much of a problem, that I would have to separate, for what could I possibly give by release? Meanwhile, I was feeling precisely the same way about him. Since we both wanted the show to go on, what could prevent the realization of our differences?

"Elliot," I tried one more, "I'll be interested in a decent script."

Finally, then, he agreed to being Sidney Carroll and me together.

Script was a big, friendly man with a lot of face credits behind him, the most famous being *The Director*. There was no discussion of our divergent opinions, no suggestion of compromise. We were there to talk script.

So I stated my objections as I went through it, page by page. Nothing what I supposed to be the promised final version. I then suggested remedies that could revise the script without alienating his basic structure. I had even brought notes he might refer to. Though he was polite and agreeable, I felt his eyes were a threat of my commitment. When I challenged him, finally, he replied: "I'm a dramatist, Elliot, not an historian."

"Does drama have to be at the sacrifice of truth?" I asked.

"Why lie the facts get out of hand when you can have it both



Chuck Weiner, *Journalist in 1979*



"Happy" Felsch, *Editor in 1979*

**The script was guilty of tainting a victim of the scandal (Ruck Weaver) with actual complicity.**

**Interviewed forty years later, Happy mumbled to Asinof: "It matters. It still matters."**

ways?" He explained that his son had done considerable research in the scandal and that was a legitimate difference of opinion about these facts. However, he was not going to argue about them.

Indeed, his equity was not hard to understand. His work had been accepted and paid for. Since he was, no doubt, deeply involved in other projects, it made little sense for him to shift gears to reverse, especially in such a public situation.

A few days later, Franklin called and bid his heavy message on me.

"Elliot, Elliot," he began in plaintive tones. "I don't know what to do, and I understand how we were back to square one. I did know when I've done my work, I've spent a lot of money and effort to get this project going. I had the whole production ready, then you came and killed it off by going to NBC and IBM. You took it on your own to damage my equity worth about a million dollars. Now I'm asking you to do something that equity. I mean you, I'll send some papers on you."

I was not concerned by signing the agreement and taking the twenty-five thousand dollars.

"I made no reply."

"I don't know how much money you have, Elliot," he went on, "but I'm going to see you for all of it, just for me, for this vision."

It was a long while, it was impossible. We were to the apartment, my discussion seemed absurd. I simply replied that I would think about it.

The possibility of a lawsuit, of course, was a whole new wrinkle. I was in a square one, I had poured in great deal of speed backwards to the telephone. But even that seemed ridiculous.

How could he possibly sue me? When he'd I done that could possibly be called litigation? The way I saw it, it was mainly a bluff, a threat to induce my complicity.

Then, again, was I relinquishing any principle? Why didn't I take the money? I certainly needed it. Nor were there likely to be alternatives to this one, but if I turned down this final offer, there would doubtless be a "closed over the property" that would blot

out any future access to the book. Since all litigations are known to be tedious, slight Allen did not become dead.

All of a sudden, then, I really had to choose.

"Could I possibly say, 'Yes, I'll take the money,' now that I'd finally won the power to stop the show, after saying, 'No,' when I didn't?"

If I submitted now, what was the point of the fight in the first place?

Ah, but there's a new ingredient, came the means against the threat of a lawsuit if I don't submit.

Agree, was that real?

Could I honestly say it frightened me?

If so, wasn't I not the ultimate actor, the party who could be made to submit merely by the threat of a lawsuit? If someone says, "Kiss my ass, Asinof, or I'll sue," do I kiss?

But wait. No one would say I kissed him. Everything but Besides, there are twenty-five big ones coming to me, in letters, in letters, and I still had to do was up my bloody name after all, it was just a television show, and when difference did it make one way or the other? To get down to the end instead, how would I really care?

I poured myself a stiff shot of Scotch, thinking maybe tomorrow would help to supply the answer. I was weary of the whole affair—like a second-time stress player slowly trying to get his perspective moved against the countless variations of his experience. He was weary of the whole affair, he was weary of the whole affair, and I reached for it, flipping through pages at random, remembering the scene or that and the problems I had at the time it down, finally writing on the pictures in the corner of the book.

There was Joseph Jefferson Jackson, his eyes barely visible behind the dark shadow and by the peak of his cap, strong into the camera with a literary project man here focused completely understanding. And Chuck Weiner, lively, open-mouthed, staring intently at what seemed a disaster fly ball. And Oates' "Happy" Felsch, angry-eyed, preening, his lips curling at the smile that one coming my laughter. I figured on Felsch, remembering that long afternoon had spent together. He was in his twenties then, a lovely, playful fellow. He had two years later. Like others on the ill-fated ball club, he had refused to talk about the 1973 series, an experienced temporary of talent, presumably to protect that tragic experience from any and all misinterpretations. So he had almost how beautiful itself and what it said meant to me. To Felsch, my words of praise were the best way out of the history, but he had loved the game so much, he would have taken any job that meant playing ball. He told me how, when he was fifteen, he suddenly grew up. "Big, you know, and that first day of spring. I hit one over the fence. None of us had ever done that, and the way they all looked at it, it was more than I could handle."

Felsch laughed at the memory. "Half the deal was to hit the big one when the ball was hit while. Hell, we played with one baseball so long, you could hear a whisper when you hit it. After a while, it was hardly a baseball no more. Cover all your eyes, it was like a piece of wood. It was like a piece of wood, a strong sound, like a sharp bang, you know. And the pitcher had so many things to grab a ball, he could really make it dirty. Course, most of the bats were no better. Naked, glued up, taped. When a new bat broke, everybody took up, you know, and the sound of meke you said." He laughed again. "Since like all I ever wanted was to hit a new ball with a new bat."

I told him that I was a short-stroke baby but that it was baseball that gave me confidence. Even as a boy, I saw each game as a different experience, not just win or lose, but the favorite party of any confrontation with a pitcher.

"That's it, all right," he said. "When you're in a ball game, working like mad, you know. Now that you're older, you know. I guess like this guy's stuff today or never? You do need some when you don't, but there weren't no more a time when I cared about doing anything else."

How, then, I asked, did he come to sell out the game he loved?

Well, there it was, the last question. It just popped out of me the way it did. I'd slipped his foot, and he tried to control



# Off the Mound and Back to the Bayou



Fisherman Ron Guidry is pulled by guide David Starline through a Louisiana oak marsh on river in a duck blind.

## This is how superstar pitcher Ron Guidry escapes from the pressures of fame

by Philip Taubman

**H**ey, it's Ron. Are you ready to go?"

"It's two o'clock, in the morning," I say. "Where are you?"

"In the lobby. It's time to go. We've got a long drive ahead, and we've got to be on the bus in half an hour before the sun comes up."

There's no one waking. The man on the lobby knows when he's driving. Ron Guidry has been leaving ducks for close to fifteen years. Twice a week, sometimes three times, he leaves his Lafayette, Louisiana, home in the middle of the night and drives south across the Baylands toward the coastal marshes that are a duck hunter's paradise. There, amid the swamp grass, sedges, and a narrow ribbon of river, is the best (perhaps the best) marshland in America. The Cy Young Award. The world series. The New York Yankees. They are all forgotten when the first redneck man appears in the dawn light.

Philip Taubman is an *Esquire* senior editor.

Guidry is waiting for the photographer and me in the deserted motel lobby. He leads the way toward his Ford van. The night air is moist and warm. Guidry takes a step of coffee from the thermostat he has hooked under the driver's seat and turns south, toward the Gulf.

We drive for no more than a half through the dark and fog. Our destination is not far, but it is an old roadside inn converted into a hunting camp. The occupants, six hunting buddies of Guidry's, appear as hot breaths and coffee. We meet David Starline, who will guide us to the duck blinds.

It is now close to five o'clock and time to make a duck for the blind. Guidry takes a step of coffee from the thermostat he has hooked under the driver's seat and turns south, toward the Gulf.

Guidry is a full-blooded member of one of the most distinctive and nobly featured ethnic groups in America: the Cajuns.

Cajuns. His family, like those of thousands of Cajuns living in the prairie around Lafayette, is so much French as it is American. Guidry speaks with a trace of French accent. The Cajuns trace their ancestor back hundreds of years to New Orleans and New Brunswick, where French Catholics settled, married, and northern outpost as the New World. From there, in 1755, they were driven south, heavily into out of Canada by the English after they had gained the Maritime Provinces by treaty from France. Longshore later memorialized the flight south in his poem "Exile," the story of two lovers separated in the desperate rush out of Canada.

Like their fellow emigrants, the Guidrys were driven to the area around Bayou Teche, in the southwest corner of Louisiana, and situated by the region's proximity to New Orleans—150 miles away—and its French cultural heritage. In towns like Lafayette, Abbeville, St. Martinville, and New Iberia, the new arrivals created their own separate culture in the new land known as Acadia. (The same Cajuns is a historical region of Acadia.) They spoke their own dialect of French, more like that spoken in Quebec than in Paris, and taught their children to speak it. They modified French cooking to incorporate the hot peppers and spices available in the South, creating a Cajun cuisine that while related to the Creole is markedly different. And they developed their own music, a blend of Gaelic folk and American country, bluesgrass, and blues. As time passed, the Cajuns, unlike many other ethnic groups that became assimilated into the mainstream of U.S. culture, remained distinct, isolated.

Ron Guidry, growing up in this world, was shaped by its music and mores. From his father, David Starline, Guidry's great-grandfather was a rice and sugarcane farmer. His grandfather, Gus, was a retired truck driver. His father, Robert, is a contractor and bricklayer on the railroad, working the Sunset Limited between Lafayette and Houston three times a week. It is a tightly knit, warm family.

The small of mud drabs into our truck as we drive from the hunting camp. After two or three miles, the truck pulls over by the edge of open water. In the dark and fog, all I can make out is the rough shape of two flat-bottom boats resting on the shore. We step out, and our gear is stored on the boat by David Starline. The truck illuminates the fog and the darkness of the marshes. I have never seen David Starline first up a glass-hoppered boat, and we pull off into the marsh. Starline shows a camp flashlight to the left and right to see how close we are to shore. As the channel widens, he rests up the engine and we pick up speed into the darkness.

After crossing a mile or so through the marsh, Starline turns us onto a shallow canal. He keeps out and pulls the boat up into a muddy bank, sinking up to his knees in the mud. His black Labrador, named Chet, dives into the swamp, and Guidry climbs out, passing the gear to Starline. He looks it into and then looks out a small window, eyes closed, and Guidry looks out a small window. It is a small, dark, and Guidry looks out a small window. It is a small, dark, and Guidry looks out a small window.

As Starline pulls away, we're left in the darkness to consider the swamp gas and mosquitoes while, by the time, here we are on by the boat. When I look up, the palm of my hand is covered with crabs. In the end, the first final light is illuminating the sky.

The dark bank, when we reach it, is a primitive outpost in a marshy world. A half dozen big pilings are driven into the water and topped by a three by six-foot platform. Swampy mud runs around all sides of this, with a gap in one corner for access. The whole thing is covered by a duck screen of cane and grass, which serves as camouflage. Fifteen to twenty duck decoys that in the open water would be the dead, by the time we arrive, Guidry has already taken his position. He has a green and yellow hat of Remington-Union Gun "Express Magnum" shells on top of the railing and is holding his Remington shotgun at the ready.

"They'll be flying in from your end," says Starline. "You won't be able to see them and they're out about over the water." Guidry suddenly drops down behind the cane screen and waits. "There's a bunch coming in now." In a second, a squadron of half a dozen ducks flies over our heads, scattered across the sky. Guidry claps his hands up just as his shotgun bursts from his left shoulder, follows the birds in his sight for a moment, then squeezes the trigger. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. The birds take the lead. Starline has more more. More ducks fly in flight.

## After the Yankee season, the temptation to cash in should have been overpowering. Instead, Guidry drove thirty hours back to Louisiana.

Then things to the marsh. "Toss them," says Starline. Chet bounces into the water, pulling toward the crowded birds, one swimming in the pale light. "Get 'em, get 'em," shouts Starline. Chet grabs one of the ducks in his jaws.

Guidry picks up three fresh shells and feeds them into his shotgun. He advances into the fish channel and turns to the west again, waiting for the next flock.

Two years ago Ron Guidry was nobody. He was an obscure relief pitcher for the New York Yankees. An undistinguished player growing old in the shadows of baseball. He had been bounced back and forth between the Yankees and their Syracuse farm club so many times, he must quit the game in defeat, returning only because his wife Bonnie urged him to.

Then Guidry got his break in the second season of the 1971 season, when the Yankees' high-priced starting pitching staff was bent with injury. In desperation, manager Billy Martin called on Guidry, who had pitched in a spot start earlier, to pitch against Yale. Yale had sent him to the Yankees. It was the first start of Guidry's major league career. He pitched eight shutout innings, and after that they could never get him out of the starting rotation. He won sixteen games that year, then pitched superbly in the playoffs and the world series.

It was only a preview of the 1972 season. Few pitchers in baseball history of any performance as brilliantly in a season as Guidry did last summer. His victories are remarkable: twenty-five wins against only three defeats for a winning percentage of .90, the best ever in the American League for a pitcher who won more than twenty games, a 17th earned run average, a major league-leading nine shutouts, the most by a left-hander since Babe Ruth pitched for the Boston Red Sox in 1916. 246 strikeouts. Every time the Yankees were in trouble, which was often, Guidry trotted out to the mound and won, including his victory in the midseason one-game playoff against the Red Sox.

He did it all with a physique better suited to a distance runner than a baseball pitcher. He was five feet eleven inches tall and weighed about 160 pounds. Yet by using his entire body in his pitching motion, by pulling back off the rubber with his left leg and bringing his left arm around like a whip, Guidry propelled the ball toward home at nearly five miles per hour. When he came back that season with a hard-earned and excellent contract, he is nearly uncatchable.

From obscurity in seasonal fame almost overnight, Guidry's run in the land of success that makes dream come true. It is also the land of sudden fame that runs true. Becoming a star on the Yankees can be a ticket to eternal fortune and personal glory. The price and TV attention is so high, it is no wonder that many players have turned their backs on the Yankees. Many are waiting for a big payday. It is a pity for the millions of fans to be misled out of shape. Roger Maris almost broke down under the pressure when he was pursuing the Red Sox's single-season home run record, and





Based up in camouflage hat and with a wad of tobacco firmly in place at waist, Gaudry waits for the ducks to fly over.

Reggie Jackson has behaved like a minor depressive since putting on parkies. After the kind of season Gaudry had, the temptation to crash in should have been overpowering. But instead of giving up with a legitimate spine after the world series and getting into the endzone as he could, instead of moving into a posh apartment and becoming a regular at Brides 36, Gaudry pulled up his wife and his three-year-old daughter, Anna, and drove thirty hours back to Lafayette. He sold his rifle, sold on his old high school friends, and dug into his savings plan of Cajun crawfish and duck season. He puttered around in the yard of his new house, which he designed himself and which his father, trained as a carpenter as well as a railroad conductor, helped build. Now, more than two months since the world series, Gaudry has yet to sign a single endorsement contract in New York. "Here, Rick needs a serious financial future," says his lawyer, John Schneider, also of Lafayette. "But he's not out to grab for every buck. We want a few good dignified deals."

Meanwhile, Gaudry remains one of the lowest-paid pitchers on the Yankees staff. He earned \$3,000 in salary last year plus an advance bonus for signing an extension of his contract and will get an average of \$160,000 for each of the next three seasons. Teammates like relief ace Rick Cossiga make more than \$400,000 a year. But Gaudry, while he wouldn't want a bonus as income from Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, is not threatening to hold out for a renegotiated deal next spring. "I didn't go into this game purely to make a lot of money," he says. "I play baseball because I love the game."

When Gaudry is in New York, he is uncomfortable. In fact, he rarely is in New York. During the season, he rents an apartment in Hackettville, New Jersey, a quick drive across the George Washington Bridge from Yankee Stadium, in the Bronx. Last season, Gaudry did not go downtown once. "It's too far from home," he says. "I made the teams drive in the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty, and we went to see a Broadway show, but I don't really like it. I prefer the country."

Gaudry and Starline have killed the air with shotgun pellets, and a pile of dead ducks rests in a corner of the field. There are geese and blue birds, a few parrots, and two plump grey ducks,

the prize trophies of the morning. "They make real good eatin'," says Gaudry. Cher, educated from all the morning, points on a mound of wet grass as we missed the geese. It is 5:00 a.m. "It's so quiet out there," Gaudry says. "You can hear the birds when they fly by. It's so peaceful, and there's so much time to think. We talk about shooting and geese, not about baseball. I never talk about baseball when I'm out there. It just doesn't seem important."

After driving for half an hour on the way back to Lafayette, the car pulls into the wheel and catches out in the back of the van. Woken moments, he is asleep, rebuffed, if would seem, by the presence of four. Rick Gaudry has been. And out the land that somebody suddenly started searching for. @

### Cajun Crawfish Bouffée

This is the sort of dish that Rex Gaudry admires of home among his people in southwest Louisiana. The recipe comes from the kitchen of the publisher's mother-in-law, Mrs. Joyce Matthews.

3 lb. crawfish tails plus crawfish fat, if available

2 small mushrooms

3 large onions, finely chopped

Pineapple

Salt and hot pepper to taste

Seal a stewing slowly in margarine about 15-20 minutes until soft. You may add a small tablespoon of flour and when it coats the bottom of the pot, add crawfish fat and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until fat comes to the top. Add crawfish tails and onion to mix. Add just enough hot water for desired consistency of the sauce. Simmer for 20 minutes (add water if sauce begins to get too thick). Add pineapple.

Serve over steaming-hot rice. Makes 3 to 10 servings. Optional: Add 3 large, chopped bell peppers while cooking sauce.

# The Hemingway-Fitzgerald Literary Intelligence Test

**Warning: Tender is not this quiz on Scott and Ernest. It vexes, perplexes, and the blood also rises**

by E. Jean Carroll

F. Scott Fitzgerald once wrote of Ernest Hemingway "His inclination is toward magnificence and more toward melancholy." Henry O. did Hemingway say that about Fitzgerald? Come on, think of it, Maxwell Perkins may have said it about his tailor. Or about Gertrude Stein. Not F. Scott Fitzgerald—or Hemingway, for sure!

The quiz that follows is a dilly. Sharpen two pencils, turn the page, and dig right in.

E. Jean Carroll is a queer scholar and writer now living in Exton, Montana.





**Sally Swanson**, *Art*, Washington, D.C. (2001) *After the Fire* at the National Gallery, Dorey Maxwell, Washington. *When color comes back* (2001) at the Museum of Contemporary Art, N.Y. *Night, yet something joyful* (2000) with sculpture by David Laundy, New York. *Swanson & Laundy* (2000) at the Art Museum, Seattle. (2001) *Art*, *Art*, *Art*.





**New Traditions.** Above left: Out with silk moth collar (1870) by *Billy Kaserman/Rafael* at *Uptown*. Center: V.F. White dress. Los Angeles. Sporty silk broad-collar shirt (1185) by *Paul & Danne* for *Pringle Label* at *San Francisco*. V.F. Women's Wear. Below: Black crepe smoking jacket above, right: by *Paul Cernack* (1110) at *Conceit/Sage Clothing*. V.F. Men's Wear. *Giorgio* (San Angelo)

After years of dressing down, dressing up is important again. Men's such as *Esquire* and *Gent* are helping to send menswear sales to an all-time high. Whether on the steamy Nile or in vintage London, a Victorian gentleman's clothes—frock, business, or leisure—were usually black, sometimes gray or white. By the 1890s, the rise of the French upper classes was affecting a shorter, straighter smoking jacket that only in the privacy of their clubs (instead of with after six). It took an American, Grenville Lindland, to appear in public in one of these shorter jackets and black tie in

the 1908 Autumn Ball of the Tuxedo Club (a posh sporting club in Tuxedo Park, New York).

Nearly a century later, men are dressing in this once casual dinner jacket for the most formal occasions. Especially in this sticky season, the tuxedo is still a sign of status, power—even sexual prowess. Of course, women have always been more explicit about the sexual coding of clothes. For both sexes, dress-up is in very much back in vogue. The most elegant evening gowns and the finest tuxedos are showing up all over town—at cocktail parties, dinners, and dinner in sight.

**Younger Men:** Right: waist suit with gingham peak lapel and gingham vest (1145) by *Arthur N. Freidberg* for *Berghof Goodman* and *all Versace-Mercato* stores. Wing-collar jacket with silk (1122-50) and bow tie (1191) at *P. B. Fugate & Co.*, N.Y. Not shown by *Giorgio*.





# Michael Cimino's Battle To Make a Great Movie

The director of *The Deer Hunter* had the guts to make a movie about Vietnam — and the guts to get it right

by Jean Vallely

**I**t was spring 1969, and I was in the middle of first grade. The phone woke me at 6:15 a.m. My father was calling, and he was crying. My brother Timmy had been blown up in Vietnam. The details were not clear, but he was fighting for his life. My father and mother were on their way to mass and we had to go so well I was in a daze. How could this have happened? What was Timmy doing there in the first place? He didn't have to be there. He arrived home from school one Thanksgiving vacation and announced that he had enlisted in the Marines. He didn't know why. He just did it. Sitting in St. Anthony's Church that morning, I never felt so scared, confused, and alone. I went home the next day.

Timmy had been flown to a hospital in Gaoi. We still had no details, and my father was going back to his job there. Finally we were able to get through to the hospital. We all talked to Timmy on the telephone. He was heavily sedated. He asked how the Red Sox were doing.

Every day of that summer I spent at the Children Naval Hospital. I got to know not just about the wounded and maimed boys who were shipped into the hospital. We talked and talked for hours. They were young, mostly poor, mostly black. They were all confused. They wondered what had gone wrong.

Timmy's rehabilitation was slow and painful. He had lost both his legs but was determined to be at my college graduation the following June—walking. Slowly he learned to use an artificial leg. He made it to my graduation. He drove to the city, New York City the next day. I was having my first job interview, and I was nervous. The whole way to the city Timmy kept muttering, "cracking jokes. Anybody who didn't love me was a jerk," he said. It was his old jokes. Always.

We walked down Fifth Avenue, and a woman tried to give Timmy money. We went to a family restaurant for dinner. Everyone started to cry. Timmy made people uncomfortable. They knew he was a Vietnam vet. As time went on, I became increasingly angry and resentful. What did these people think, say? That day rain, gas, gas, gas, gas, gas. Timmy was going to reach his leg, whip out a smoke gun, and smoke the gas. I could read the gas on all their faces. So could Timmy.

At first I used to talk about it, but the people in the smoky, smoky crowd I found myself in didn't understand. They had absolutely no connection with Vietnam other than peace marches and contributions to antiwar candidates. Soon I found it just too painful to talk. Nobody understood. Nobody wanted to. The policemen announced that the war was over, it was—over for them and most people. But it wasn't over for those guys in the Children Naval Hospital; it wasn't over for my family, and it wasn't over for Timmy. He began to retreat. I became bitter. Timmy was slipping away. He just didn't fit. And he knew it.

Then came the Vietnam shows. I tried to read them. Next came the television shows. Usually about a Vietnam vet's war

home. Finally came the movies. I saw them all. I became convinced that nobody understood. Nobody was ever going to get it right. And then I saw *The Deer Hunter*. Michael Cimino got it right.

Written and directed by Cimino, *The Deer Hunter* is an extraordinary film. It is the most honest and powerful film about Vietnam in date. It shows how the war affected those who went, those who could be helped, the friends, the families, the hometowns. *The Deer Hunter* is telling us that finally we can grieve. It is a powerful movie.

The film stars Robert De Niro. De Niro is one of America's most gifted actors, and his performance in this film is awesome. The movie also stars Christopher Walken and John Savage, both of whom give performances as strong as De Niro's. It is a true ensemble. But in the end, *The Deer Hunter* is Michael Cimino's film. And if this movie is any indication, Cimino just might be the generation's answer to John Ford.

Cimino loves his country and is not embarrassed to say so. *The Deer Hunter* is the story of five guys, Russian Americans, who work in a steel mill in Clinton, Pennsylvania. As the film opens, Michael (De Niro), Nick (Walken), Steven (Savage), Stanley (John Cazale), and Aard (Chuck Aspegren) are knocking off from a hard day in the mill. It is the last day for Michael and Nick and Steven. They are going to Vietnam. Steven is getting married to Angela (Rutanya Alda) that evening. As the guys talk, Michael's big white Cadillac is behind the bar and some beers, Michael looks at the sign "San Diego," he says, pointing to the sign around the bar. "That's a blessing on the hunter. That's an omen. We could have one great hunting trip." The friends will hunt deer together, one last time.

*The Deer Hunter* is more than a war story. It is about America from the opening frames to the end until you feel strength. He who works to stand still, he who stands and prides. The movie is about pride in one's work, pride in one's business, pride in one's country. It is about friendship and the bonds of friendship. It is about those who love and those who stay behind. It is about loneliness. It is about the work and the strong. Cimino tells us that men who work hard all day and then spend their paychecks in the bars is what life means to the businessmen and the middle class of the way they live. The simplicity is meaningful, but Cimino shows us that underneath, their lives are complicated and anxiety ridden. *The Deer Hunter* will move you. And this movie almost didn't get made. Only through Michael Cimino's commitment and obsession do we get to see this marvelous film. Cimino fought a war to get his film made and he made it right.

Michael Cimino, thirty-seven, is small, has dark curly hair and dark brown eyes. He looks more like a garage mechanic than a director. The first thing you notice about him is his intensity. Even now he has a hard time talking about *The Deer Hunter*, a project that consumed more than two years of his life. He has his first in Hollywood. Most men, certainly he, would have his next film, but really he has come here to clear his head. The mountains and the land are his catharsis. "I really believe in the nature of the spiritual hunt, whatever other than where you live," says

Jean Vallely is a movie editor for *Esquire* magazine who is based in California.

Left: Michael Cimino is still haunted by *The Deer Hunter*. For two years he worked obsessively to get it made. Now he can't let go.

Photograph by Maurus Lambert

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## De Niro, who is noted for his obsession with preparation and detail, had finally met his match in director Michael Cimino.

Cimino: "I had contacted with the real, the mountains. They are beautiful. I come here before I tell a story. It is my center, my special place." John Ford would have known what Cimino is talking about. Ford was at one with the spirit of a place. He didn't come from Mountaintop Valley, but he was created there, and his best work followed from there. "This place," says Cimino, "just takes over and gives things a natural order."

Cimino is trying to recreate himself from *The Deer Hunter*. It is difficult. He can't let go of the experience. Vietnam seems to have left an effect. He is not sure when to start the story of the making of this film. Cimino had come to Los Angeles in 1971 to make movies. He rented a small house and wrote *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, his first effort in Hollywood. And he struck gold. Not only did he get to direct it, but he got Clint Eastwood and Jeff Bridges to star in it. The movie is as important (not often that deals with many of the themes in *The Deer Hunter*: friendship, loneliness, courage). "After *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*," says Cimino, "I got a lot of offers, but I decided to take a pause. I would only get involved with projects I really wanted to do."

Twentieth Century-Fox offered him two projects that he wanted: *Badly* (Fox was going to be the John Ford story, the perfect vehicle for a child of the South—and Cimino had marched in the first major poster demonstration in New York) had taken his Army medical training with a Green Beret sent in Texas. Cimino was going to be the story of Frank Corrado. Cimino saw the narrator as Gatsby. To the young director, Corrado had a reason of America, and he was seeing one. Just as he internalized the project in Fox, there was a corporate shuffle—and Cimino was looking for his own vision for the project.

Paramount called and wanted him to develop a project not dissimilar to Corrado. The movie was three weeks into preproduction shooting and was canceled. There was a corporate shuffle at Paramount, and once again Cimino was out.

Cimino takes a deep breath. There is still pain in his vision as he remembers that scene. "It was four years after *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* and, you know, people just forget who you are. Four years and all that work and nothing. Francis [Coppola] had already begun work on *Apocalypse*, all the other Vietnam movies were finished or nearing completion. I had this terrible feeling that I had let everything slip by."

Enter EMI, an English-based company setting up operations in the United States to locally finance movies. One day at a meeting with EMI executives, Cimino mentioned a notion he had. For the next two hours, in very broad strokes, Cimino told them the story of *The Deer Hunter*. Cimino strikes his head. "Two years later I still don't know what happened. They said, 'Okay. Do it.' I said, 'What do you mean they said, 'Do it.' I asked, 'When?' They said, 'Forwards.' I asked, 'What does that mean?' They said, 'Yesterday.' I said, 'I just told you a story, I have the title but no script, and you still do me to make a movie just like that?' Well," continues Cimino, "all the frustration of the previous four years, all the energy, everything, came together in the Deer Hunter. Nothing was lost. I don't know, it comes, it comes myself. The thought of not putting this together, all falling apart, was crazy."

The meeting with EMI where Cimino told his story, took place in November of 1976. He was given an unrealistic task date of March 31. He had no script. Cimino wrote in most scenes, scenes, scenes. He presented 10,000 ideas, looking for just the right steel mill, church, looking idly, but "It was a

terrible day to work," he says, "but there was no alternative. Here was a shot in doing something of substance and I just accepted the conditions and went forward. I knew it was there," says Cimino. "It was just a question of putting it in. Most of the things in the film came from me." Which is perhaps why the film rings so true. The sequence in the steel mills are authentic because Cimino did documentary work in this area, and, in fact, Chuck Aspegren, who plays Axel, is not an actor at all. He worked for U.S. Steel in Gary, Indiana. Cimino cast him while searching.

There is an elaborate Russian Orthodox wedding ceremony in the film, complete with Russian choir music, real incense, and priests. This wedding makes anyone who has never had one want one, and those who have, want another. It is wonderful. Cimino knew Russian Americans while he was growing up and was the best man at a wedding just like the one in the film. The drumming trip in the movie is based on a date hearing trip Cimino seriously took. Although he never served, he was called up and drew heavily from his experiences in the Army for the battle scenes and for those in the VA hospital.

Because there was no script, timing could not be done until the last minute. This was not meant to be an expensive film. It eventually cost \$13 million, so the idea was to go with as few knowns. But when EMI saw a first draft, they decided to go further. A star. Cimino wanted De Niro and saw him the script. "I really didn't want to do anything until *Apocalypse*," says De Niro, "but I liked the story and the dialogue. It was so simple. It seemed so real to me."

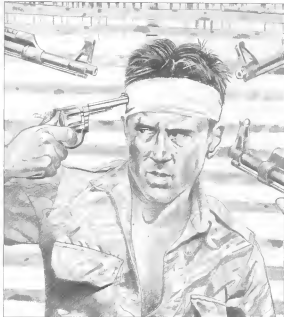
De Niro, who is noted for his obsession with preparation and detail, had finally met his match in Cimino. The pace walking the streets of the small town in the Ohio River Valley, visited the steel mills, hung out in the bars, VA hospitals, talked to the people, observed, and absorbed. Everything was going into the film. The script went through seven drafts, changing—growing, really—so accurately to real places, real people, and experiences.

When Cimino saw St. Thaddeus Cathedral in Cleveland, he knew he had found his church. He met with the parish council, explained he was from Hollywood, was making a movie, that he thought they had the most beautiful church, and could he use it in his film. These forty Ohio Russian Americans really grilled Cimino. "What happens," asked one old guy, "if we let you use the church and there is a funeral that day?" Finally, the council gave Cimino their blessing and their church.

To get the right focus for the wedding scene, Cimino sat up what became a bottle of the punch. He rented a big hall, got lots of beer and sandwiches, and hired a local Russian band. He had the people come up patch by patch. St. Michael's was the first to audition. The band started playing, the folks began dancing, the beer was flowing. Cimino pulled out. Nothing happened. He started screaming and yelling and finally told the band to stop. Everyone loved him. The people were having a good time. The spirit is in the movie.

Everyone—Christopher Walken, John Savage, John Cazale, Meryl Streep, George C. Scott, and the others who had signed on—heard a sign of relief when the start date of the picture was postponed until June 21, but before the three months were over, the extra time had turned into a nightmare. Cimino now had to shoot summer for winter. All the locations he had been surveyed in the dead of winter, a winter that seemed only to be the most brutal in years. Cimino to save faced the prospect of doing his film in the middle of the summer, a summer that turned out to be one of the hottest in years. Everything had to be deflated, the grass had to be browned, the leaves stripped from the trees. The budget began to swell. Production fell behind schedule.

During breaks in the shooting, the most physically exhausting film I have ever made," says De Niro. Walken and Streep agree. The temperature in the Pittsburgh area (where a lot of the film was shot) was so hot that the actors could not make it to the end of a take before their clothes were soaked soaked through with sweat. Meryl Streep's hair had to be blown dry overnight. Usually, George C. Scott's hair took six days to dry. It would also take hours to get two takes.



The Russian soldiers arrive at a combat hospital for the film—men and women, surviving soldiers, women in Vietnam.

Then came the deer-hunting sequences. Cimino searched and searched for the right place. The mountains had to be as strong and imposing in the steel mills, the selected four locations. They were constantly monitored for snow. The Cascade Range in Washington State was finally and the crew went from means less to 10,000 feet above the clouds. It was cold.

The crew was at the mountains for over a month. The problems were relentless. Even the clouds refused to cooperate (they kept coming and going), although in the end, the cloud problem worked to Cimino's advantage because a gas had two different looks. The pre-Vietnam hunting sequences are murky and gray, the post-Vietnam sequences are sunny and bright. Then there was the problem with the deer. Cimino calls his eyes. "These little deer arrive. They looked like Herby. I went crazy. The name of

the movie is *The Deer Hunter*. We wanted by deer. I told them there would be a resistance in the hunters if we killed Herby."

Cimino's obsessions took over. He was told these were no treated deer in the area. Cimino demanded wild deer. They told him he was crazy. Cimino persisted. He was told it would never work. Cimino said he would make it work. Finally, wild deer were located on a game preserve in New Jersey. "I had flipped by this point," says Cimino. "I yelled, 'Are they these deer, and I want two.'" It took thirty men to carry the cages up the mountains. But Cimino pulled it off and the deer-hunting scenes are powerful. "I just knew if we could get the wild deer it would work," says Cimino. "I would make it work."

By this time the company was at full shape. They had been filming for three months. There was fourteen days a day, first in





### Two-Wheel Drive

Cold Feet, these roller skates, left, have two instead of four wheels each. Adjustable from size six to ten, these skates can support up to 175 pounds. Made by the Rüdiger Powersteering Skid & Sport Co., of West Germany, they retail for \$34.95 a pair from Ritz Deane Inc., PO Box 106, Adams, RI 02008.



### Speak Easy

Insert a preprogrammed cassette into the Lexicon hand-held language-conversion computer and translate English into Italian, French, German, Spanish, or Portuguese, and vice versa. Type a word, phrase, or sentence on the keyboard, press a button, and the translation appears. It's \$225 (cassette, \$45 each) at Macy's, N.Y.; San Francisco; Burlington; Miami; Norman-Morris, Dallas.



### icing tip

The ice bucket, that indispensable item for entertaining, should be functional. This large-capacity stainless steel container with thermal insulation, below, can be used as an ice bucket or a wine cooler. \$40 from Bulley/Harbner at Horn Beach, N.Y.



### Winded

Attach this precision wind chill gauge, above, to an outside wall and determine the effect of the wind on the outside temperature. \$14.95 postpaid from Edmund Scientific Co., Edgewater Building, Barrington, N.J. 08007.



### Zooming in

The Tascam Dina/Cade is a 7-power, 35-mm autofocus, wide-angle, handheld dual video photographs. It uses 130 cartridge film, can be set at an ASA of 100 or 400, and is \$299.95 at Montgomery Ward stores across the country.



### Ski Away

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KROGER AND JOBS

# The Case for Buying Stocks Now

Plus a way to get the government to underwrite part of the risk

by Andrew Tobias

**I**t is always something around this time of year to realize that there are people, generally of advanced years or fortunate parents, who not only have cash with which to buy gifts but actually have substantial sums of money left over after doing so.

If you are one of these fortunate people—I, to you, clipping coupons simply means there's cash off the next can of coffee—please help me out. Not enough to have an appreciable nest egg without your having to know, in addition, that if only you did have one, a good basket has come along for you to put it in (Well, not all of it, of course, but you don't need me to tell you that.)

The basket I have in mind is the U.S. stock market. The very same U.S. stock market that, as measured by the Dow Jones Industrial Average, is actually lower today than it was 60 years ago and that, adjusted for inflation, is back to the level that prevailed at the time of the Great Plague.

I am not suggesting that we have in today's stock market "the chance of a lifetime." We had that chance, or so brightlight might even lead to confirm, four Christmases ago, in 1934. Then the Dow Jones average was at 310 compared with around 820 today. More to the point, a good many fine companies that traded at \$10 and \$20 today were then selling at \$1 and \$1 a share.

Now are I predicting that stock prices in January will be lower than they are today? They will, could be.

What I am telling you is that stocks are a bargain. There is a strong case to be made for playing a significant share of your assets in stocks. What's more, there is even a government-subsidized strategy of sorts, by which to do so.

Thirteen reasons to buy stocks:

1. Everything else has soared with inflation. It stands to reason that corporations should eventually raise its price too. The higher everything else rises, while stocks stand still, the more attractive stocks look by comparison. When you go shopping, you buy the items that are on sale.

2. Moreover, you shop in the country where your money gets the furthest. With the dollar well severely depressed, the U.S. stock market offers shoppers—be they American, German, Japanese, or Russian—the best buys.

3. The alternatives look less and less appealing. "Fixed-income securities"—bonds, savings accounts, Treasury bills, and the like—offer yields and, currently, terrific yields. But after taxes and inflation, those yields turn out to be negative. To have one's entire fortune tied up in fixed-income securities is not the most prudent financial course. (Unless that fortune is so small it is so close any risk as—for older people especially—is all that one's life insurance should be bought, cheaply, for protection only. As an investment, it fails. An, darned, General might still like require that one buy at least and sell at wholesale—a tough game to lose. Considerate speculators in stocks hope, likely, in favor of the broker. Gold has had its big run, pays no

dividends, and is, for a variety of reasons, a dreadful investment. The real estate boom shows countless signs of peaking, or at least decelerating (although a home remains the best investment most people should make).

4. If inflation continues, the value of corporate assets (land, buildings, machinery, and equipment, in turn) will continue to rise and profits and dividends very likely will too. AT&T stock is actually lower today than it was in 1962—which tells you that it was not a great buy in 1962. Since then, however, its dividend has risen steadily from \$1.00 to \$4.40 and may be expected to continue to rise—which suggests that it might be a great buy in 1978. (Why buy an AT&T stock that yields 3.2% in interest on each \$1,000 you invest, but can never grow, when you can buy AT&T stock that pays nearly as much—\$75 in dividends on each \$1,000 invested—and could be paying twice that much less years from now?) Much the same could be said of a great many other corporate giants—and outliers. With stock prices having been stagnant for so long, with such and profits and dividends having been growing, you now get much more for your money than you once did. Dividends may continue to rise with inflation, the interest on a bond never does.

5. If inflation does not continue—stocks will soar. 6. If the anticipated economic malaise lasts many before Wall Street will breathe a sigh of conservative relief. Not only will the "other shoe" finally have fallen (Wall Street has been expecting this recession for some time now) but, more important, there will be the prospect of lower interest rates and lower inflation—and of modest recovery.



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Illustration by Richard Tompkins

3. If the recession does not materialize, corporate profits and stock dividends are likely to be better than analysts expect. Stocks should rise.

4. Much lower inflation is likely to a bright American future. What's not, or relatively so, is that most citizens—including President Carter—believe so. That's bullish.

5. Higher productivity is crucial to lower inflation. To achieve higher productivity, you must have increased investment in more efficient means of production—which means increased savings to invest. We seem to have turned that corner as well. The recent easing of capital gains taxes means a better deal for the investor—and may signal more favorable conditions for business and investor generally.

10. The same may be said of the heretofore insatiable growth of government. Proposition 13 lever may have rounded that peak. One poll recently showed the average American would actually prefer reduced government expenditures to lower taxes.

11. Likewise, ever increasing regulation. The airlines are being deregulated; the truckers are not; OSHA (Occupational Safety and Health Administration) is striving toward rules that the rule book. There is now the prospect that regulators will be forced to put a price tag on regulation, some of which, it will be discovered, is not worth the money.

12. Interest rates may not yet have peaked, but it is hard to imagine that they won't be lower a year from now.

13. Although we are not in a panic situation, alas, and the news has at times been gloomier (panic and gloom being particularly good signs of opportunity in the stock market), pessimism is nonetheless widespread and there is a crew of credible experts predicting disaster.

Which leads to the one reason not to invest in the stock market right now:

1. They could be right.

But even that's not quite as persuasive a reason as it first appears because under a less view of the disaster scenario, few investors would fear much better than stocks. It is also worth noting that when the market was poised for crash in 1929, the Dow had run up some 600 percent in the previous eight years and was selling at several times its "book value." Today the Dow, which has run nowhere at all, sells for almost book value, which may itself be drastically understated because of inflation.

You might imagine that a second commonsense argument would be: despite the market's right now, namely, that low as it may be now, it could be a good deal lower in six months. Which is true—and only so. But even that is true. Neither you nor I stand much chance of predicting short-term fluctuations in the stock market. We may be able to make some appraisal of future

risks, but we may be able to guess the market's direction only about the time it's reached, and we may be able to say with certainty that, after things being equal, it's better to hold a stock at which you have a profit for 360 days rather than 364 (to qualify for the 50-percent long-term capital gain exclusion), but we really are looking for ourselves if we think we can call the turns of the market.

Which brings me to my suggested strategy. It is a strategy that assumes you have \$10,000 or \$15,000 or \$50,000 (or a considerably smaller sum in the market and that you are in a fairly high marginal tax bracket).

The strategy is simply this: Buy stocks now (or any other time the market chooses to dip beneath 300). Choose a diversified lot, most of which, at least, will sit very low multiples of earnings, a fraction of their book values, and pay serious lip to frequent dividends. Throw in a Texas Instruments or two (high-tech, up, low-dividend, great growth prospects)—but avoid stocks that are as volatile. Try not to look at them too much in the warehouse or you will be tempted to neglect your legitimate holdings and become a stock trader—or, at the very least, a speculator. Deposit your dividend checks. When the market is up, your stocks will be either higher or lower than when you purchased them. If they are higher, all you need to know is that any favorite color is blue and that, you figure, it will forward packages.

If some or all of your stocks are lower—if the excellent bargains you bought have become even more excellent bargains—buy more. Double up on the stocks in which you have substantial losses, even if it means borrowing heavily from your broker to do so, and wait thirty-one days. This will suit the original plan in which you had losses? (I hereby approving your broker's).

Doing so will provide you with a short-term capital loss for 1979. Up to \$1,000 of net such loss can be deducted from your taxable income, with the remainder carried over to future years. If you are in the 50-percent bracket (including state and local taxes) then, the government will thus short 50 percent of your loss.

Now take a look at another ten months hence. (Which brings us to around Easter Day, 1980.) Either the excellent bargains that became outstanding bargains are now unworkable bargains (in which case, double up for thirty-one days again, pay down yet another short-term capital loss for tax purposes, and accept my profound apologies)—or else these stocks have recovered in price and perhaps climbed handily by now.

If that's the case, consider holding them (a) for a long time, collecting dividends and waiting for further price appreciation—unless you are convinced there are better opportunities available that would justify the brokerage expenses and taxes of selling; or (b) another two months and a day, and you've held them long enough to qualify for long-term capital gains treatment; or (c) another four months or so, until your gains are not just long-term but realized in 1981—thus deferring taxes yet another year.

You can save here by taking losses short-term and going long-term for different tax years, or after the IRS sets the two out for you, or we'll deal with it if you just break even. You would suffer no after-tax loss of only \$1,500 on before-tax losses of \$1,000—and then reap a \$2,400 gain after tax, if you merely recouped your \$1,000 before tax. And all this while you would be collecting dividends.

The odds are actually with you three ways in this game. First, you get dividends (they may pay you in cash). Second, you know the taxes to your advantage. Third, I am convinced there is a better-than-even chance that stock prices, over the long run, will be a lot higher than they are today. ■

"The IRS requires that short-term capital losses be used before selling. (You jump the gun: they tell your investment is "wash sale" and double the short-term capital loss you are trying to realize.) The other thing you can do is sell the stock first, wait thirty-one days, and then buy it back. This eliminates the need to double up and the cost of tying up that value money for thirty-one days. However, if your stock is at all the more, you know what will happen. The day you sell the original shares the stocks will rally nearly to the new thirty-one day price. And you will have doubled or tripled losing you damage in loss."

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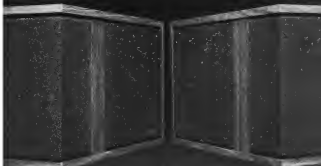
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